

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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MUCH CRITICIZED FOR HIS NEW TELEPHONE CHARGES: THE RT. HON. A. H. ILLINGWORTH, M.P.,  
POSTMASTER - GENERAL, AT THE TELEPHONE.

The Postmaster-General, Mr. A. H. Illingworth, who has been M.P. for Heywood since 1915, has had a good deal to say in reply to the criticisms on the new telephone rates, which, it is objected, have not been submitted to Parliament. After receiving a deputation from the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, he sent a statement to Lord Riddell, in which he said: "I was glad to hear that you accepted the principle that any deficit on the telephone service must be made good by increasing the charges to the telephone user and not by recourse to the

already heavily overburdened taxpayer. The increase required to meet the present deficit represents an average of 67 per cent., on current rates, or 80 per cent. on the pre-war tariff. Considering that wages have trebled, and the cost of plant more than doubled, this increase can scarcely be considered exorbitant." Answering the argument that the deficit should be met by developing the service instead of increasing the charges, he explained that, with telephones, expenses do not decrease, as in other businesses, with an increase of subscribers.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOPRESS.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I have recently read a book on the new fashion of Psycho-Analysis; and my first impression is that, whatever else it is, it is not analysis. It may be suggestion, and even sometimes very suggestive suggestion; though there seems a certain curious blindness to the difference between suggesting a thing and proving it. But it is not analysis; for analysis implies the resolution of something into all its elements. Now this is exactly what these modern scientific fashions never do. At most they extract one element; at best it is a necessary and neglected element. I have seen several of them in my time; and this is true of all of them all the time. The trend of psycho-analysis is to detect in most things the sexual element. But the same was true, for instance, of the Marxian type of Socialism, which was concerned to detect in all things the economic element. I say "was" rather than "is"; for we have already left behind the fashion of Marxism, in spite of the hundred Russian statues of Marx. In Eastern Europe it managed to produce a riot at the very time when in Western Europe it had begun to suffer a rot. Sometimes it is an exceedingly dry rot. But, anyhow, the extreme economic theory of history, the theory that all the past can be explained in terms of the pursuit of food or wealth, had already been modified by all the ablest and most large-minded Socialists; as, for instance, by that great and admirable Socialist, Mr. H. M. Hyndman. Nevertheless, it will serve as a very good working model of what I mean by the analysts who do not analyse.

A good and venerable Socialist once propounded to me, with defiant dogmatism, this view that every single historical event had a motive connected with money. By way of beginning with an easy example, I said to him: "Well, for instance, what about the Crusades?" He paused reflectively, as if admitting that this was a problem worthy of grave thought, and then said in a deep voice: "The Crusades were due to the practice of primogeniture in the holding of land." The younger sons, I suppose, were at loose ends; so they started a Crusade. But as the younger sons are often at loose ends now, why do they not start a Crusade now? We still have primogeniture, why do we not still have Crusaders? The obvious answer is, because the other elements are not present; and the analyst has not analysed all the elements, but only suggested the possible existence of one element. Another way of stating the same obvious truth is to say that everything would have been different if everything else had been different. If there had been no such symbol as the Cross, it may be conjectured that the knights would not have taken the Cross. If there had been no such thing as the religion of Mahomet, presumably they would not have attacked the religion of Mahomet. Most probably they would have done nothing; but even if they had done something they would certainly have done something else. And what that something else would have been, no economic theory of history can assist us to form the faintest conjecture. And no economic theory of history can rationally be said

to explain a thing; when that thing would have been quite a different thing if the same economic motive had worked with different materials.

What we are by hypothesis asking is, what the unoccupied younger brother will do; and it is evident that we have to know a number of totally different things, before we know whether he will go to Jerusalem or Johannesburg. The common-sense of the thing is, of course, that even when the young knight had an economic motive, it was only one of his motives; and it was generally the other motives that decided whether he should become a Crusader or an outlaw, or a monk or a murderer.

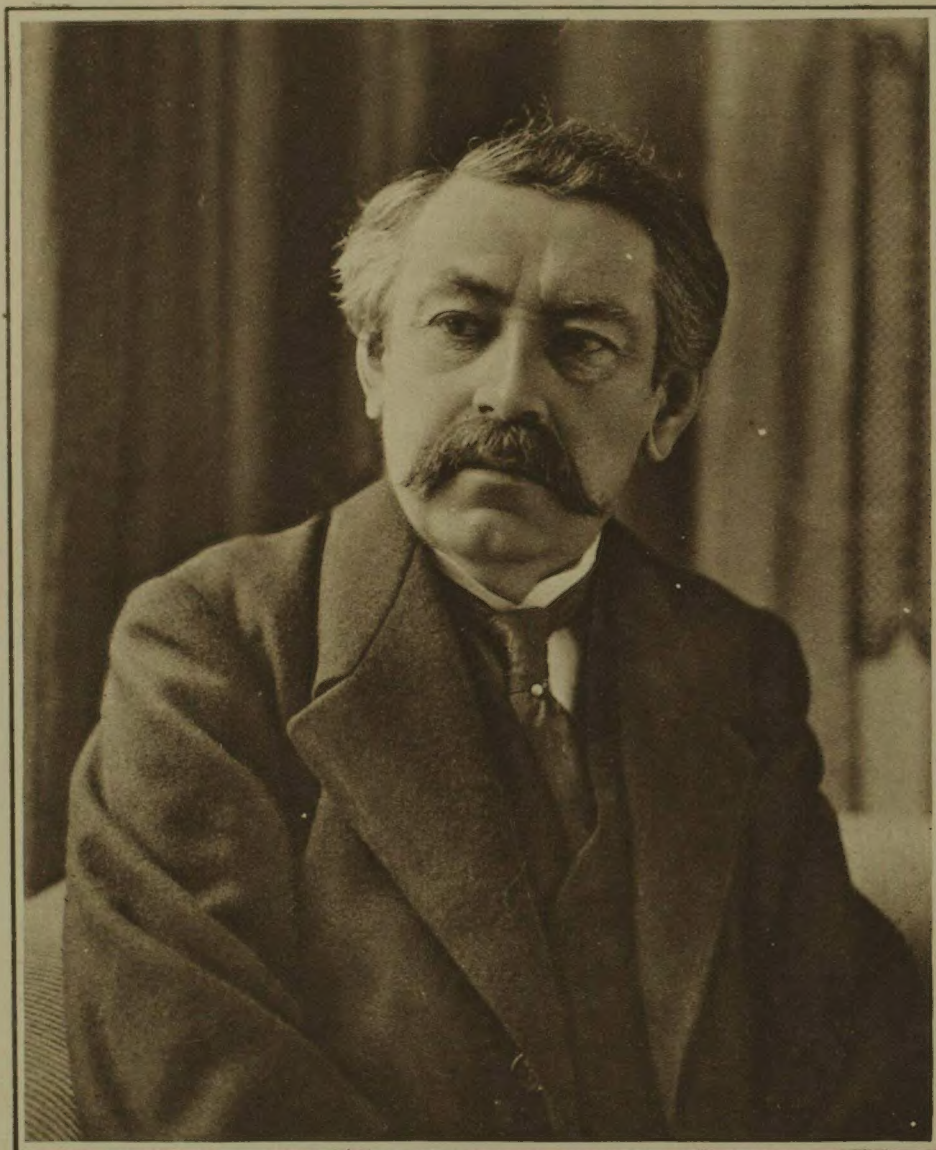
The truth is that this economic theory of the Marxians is peculiarly inapplicable to history,

but the image of the golden calf or the parable of the fatted calf.

History actually consists of these almost fantastic departures from the direct line of the search after food, or even of the search after pleasure. For even in pleasure there has always been a certain perversity. There is pathos, for instance, which is the pleasure of pain. Our sort of cattle are perpetually tempting themselves with the dangerous delight of listening to the tune the old cow died of. There is fiction; or the pleasure of realising what we know to be unreal. We love the most minute astronomical and zoological description of how the cow jumped over the moon. These and a thousand other paradoxes so mix with and mislead the mere economic interest of men that the economic motive, taken by itself, would be quite misleading. And so the sexual motive, insisted on by the psychoanalysts, taken by itself, would be quite misleading. In the former case it is really futile to tell us that a man deciding to live in Monte Carlo, and another man dying to discover the North Pole, both have some economic motives, or in other words, both occasionally require something to eat. What we want to know, for the purposes of history, is why one man goes to Monte Carlo and the other to the North Pole. In the latter case, of the Freudian theories of sub-conscious sex instinct, it is equally futile to tell us that the sultan in his harem, and the great sculptor carving a statue of Victory may both have some direct or indirect associations of beauty with sex. What we want to know is why one is an artist and the other only a sensualist; or, what comes to the same thing, why the statue of Victory stands in Athens and not in Baghdad.

Sometimes, indeed, the new psychologists seem to be very fanciful even within their own area of fact. In the psychological work I have just read, all sorts of works of art are referred to the sub-consciousness which are no more sub-conscious than works of geometry or engineering. We are informed that Leonardo da Vinci illustrates the dark and shapeless sub-conscious origin of our sense of beauty, because he said, with characteristic common-sense, that an artist can often see suggestive shapes in any mixed and variegated surface, such as an old wall. There is nothing in this that is the least sub-conscious,

and certainly nothing that is the least sexual. If ever there was a human being who had a conscious rather than an unconscious mind, and who knew exactly what he was doing, I should say it was Leonardo da Vinci. In that respect the mysticism of the modern psychology would evoke nothing but contempt from the rationalism of the Renaissance. I do not write as one rigidly bound to rationalism, or one necessarily averse from all kinds of mysticism. I do not deny that there is an unconscious mind, nor that sex may be an element in it. I merely repeat that to suggest the possible presence of one psychological element is not psycho-analysis. It is pulling one thread out of the tapestry, as an idle child might do; but there are many richer colours and more intricate imagery embroidered on the curtains of the tabernacle.



FRANCE'S NEW PREMIER AND MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: M. ARISTIDE BRIAND. M. Briand has become France's Prime Minister for the sixth time in the past twelve years, and also holds the Portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs. His first tenure of the high office began in 1909, when he was forty-seven, and lasted fifteen months. During the Great War, he was head of the Government twice—from October 1915 until December 12, 1916; and from the latter day until March 17, 1917. In "Who's Who," he describes himself as barrister and publicist.—[Photograph by Henri Manuel.]

even if it be applicable to biology. History is the history of men, and especially of the variations of men. Biology in that sense is the history of animals, and especially of the uniformity of animals. It is quite true that all animals seek their food, and that men, being to that extent animals, also seek their food. But if men sought for nothing else except their food, they would be like that happy but hypothetical nation that has no history. A herd of cattle goes on grazing; but cattle do not write chronicles, if only because they would have nothing to chronicle. Humanity is like a herd of cattle in which one cow should stand on its head out of a fantastic sense of humour, while another cow should climb a tree in order to hang itself. We have to conceive a cow not only capable of producing a calf,



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AITKEN, TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, RUSSELL, VANDYK, L.N.A., YEVONDE, AND I.R.



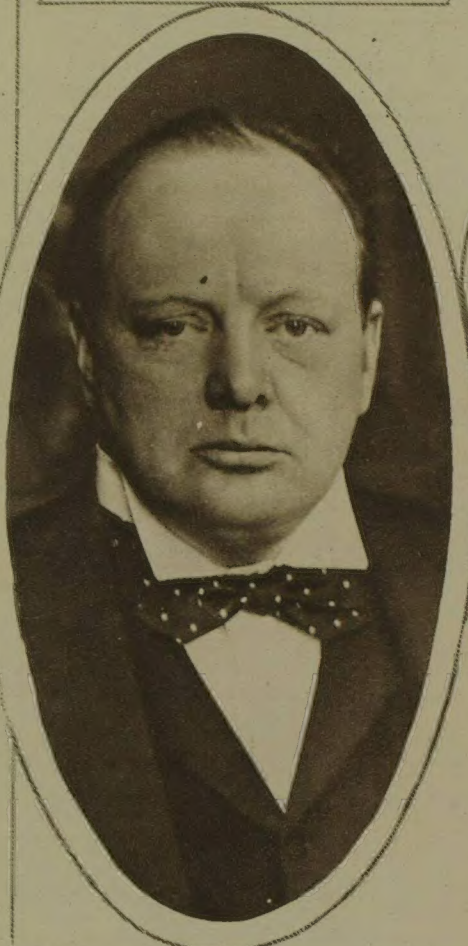
COMMANDING U.S. NAVAL FORCES IN EUROPE: VICE-ADM. A. P. NIBLACK.



THE BILLIARDS CHAMPION DEFEATED: SMITH (IN PLAY), THE WINNER, AND INMAN LURING THEIR RECENT MATCH.



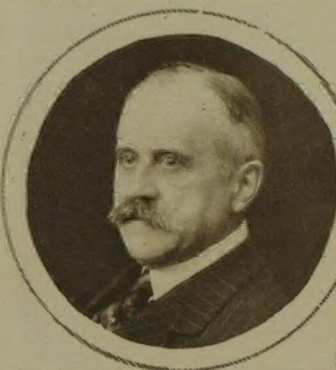
ELECTED "ANTI-WASTE" M.P. FOR DOVER: COL. SIR THOMAS POLSON.



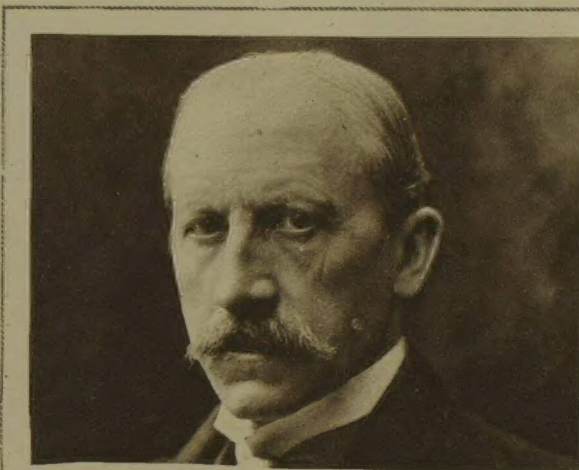
TO BE COLONIAL SECRETARY? MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.



MURDERED IN DUBLIN ON JANUARY 14: MR. WILLIAM McGRATH, K.C.



CHAIRMAN OF A BANK THAT "SUSPENDED": THE LATE MR. J. B. MACAFEE.



THE RESIGNATION OF A CABINET MINISTER: LORD MILNER, SUCCEEDED AS COLONIAL SECRETARY BY MR. CHURCHILL.



THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: COUNT DE ST. AULAIRE.



BACK FROM UGANDA: REV. JOHN ROSCÔE (LEFT) WITH DR. CHALMERS MITCHELL.



ACCIDENTALLY KILLED: MR. GERVASE ELWES, THE SINGER.



THE NEW MEMBER FOR HEREFORD: MR. SAMUEL ROBERTS.



THE FIRST FOREWOMAN OF A JURY AT THE OLD BAILEY: MRS. TAYLOR BUMSTEAD.

Rear-Admiral A. P. Niblack, Naval Attaché at the U.S. Embassy, was recently promoted to Vice-Admiral and put in command of the U.S. Naval forces in Europe. The U.S.S. "Pittsburg," flying his flag, will leave Gravesend on January 25 for the Mediterranean.—Smith beat Inman (the champion) in the billiard match at Thurston's by 16,000 to 14,139.—Colonel Sir Thomas Polson (Ind.) was elected at Dover by 13,947 votes to 10,817 for Major J. J. Astor (Co.U.).—It was stated on January 17 that Mr. Winston Churchill would succeed Lord Milner (resigned) as Colonial Secretary.—Mr. William McGrath, K.C., was shot dead by unknown men who broke into his house in Dublin on January 14.—Mr. J. B. Macafee, a well-known Anglo-American business man, who died

at Ascot on January 11, was chairman of the British-American Continental Bank, which recently suspended payment.—Count Beaupoil de Saint-Aulaire, the new French Ambassador, has been successively Minister-Resident in Morocco, Minister at Bucharest, and Ambassador at Madrid.—The Rev. John Roscoe, the explorer, recently returned from leading the Mackie Expedition to Uganda.—Mr. Gervase Elwes, the famous English singer, was killed on January 12 by a train at Boston, U.S.A., while on a concert tour.—Mr. Samuel Roberts (Co.U.) won the bye-election at Hereford. His father, Sir Samuel Roberts, is M.P. for a Sheffield Division.—Mrs. Taylor Bumstead was made forewoman of a jury at the Central Criminal Court, on January 11, when women jurors served for the first time.



# THE DOWNFALL OF THE LEEKS: ENGLAND BEATS WALES AT "RUGGER."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND G.P.U.



THE BEST PAIR OF HALF-BACKS ENGLAND EVER HAD: LIEUT. C. A. KERSHAW ("SCRUM HALF") PASSING TO LIEUT.-COM. W. J. A. DAVIES.



THE ENGLISH "SCRUM HALF" (LIEUT. C. A. KERSHAW) THROWING-IN FROM TOUCH AT A LINE-OUT: AN INCIDENT OF THE MATCH.



THE RIVAL CAPTAINS: (L. TO R.) LIEUT.-COM. W. J. A. DAVIES (ENGLAND) AND MR. J. WETTER (WALES).



WHAT IT MEANS "TO GRAPPLE WITH THE FIERCE OLD FRIENDS": THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE OF A RUGBY MAUL (UNORGANISED SCRUMMAGE).



SCORING THE FIRST TRY FOR ENGLAND: LIEUT. C. A. KERSHAW (WITH THE BALL, IN LEFT FOREGROUND) OVER THE WELSH LINE.

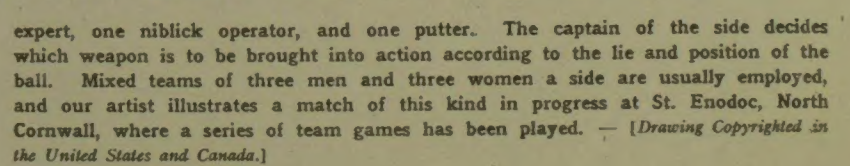


MR. A. M. SMALLWOOD (WITH THE BALL) NEARLY SCORES FOR ENGLAND: COLLARED ON THE TOUCH-LINE CLOSE TO THE CORNER FLAG.

In the international Rugby football match at Twickenham on January 15, between England and Wales, England won by one goal, one dropped goal, and three tries (18 points) to one try (3 points). The English team's success was largely due to the brilliant play of their outsiders, especially the two half-backs, Lieut.-Commander W. J. A. Davies and Lieut. C. A. Kershaw (both Naval officers), who are considered the best pair England ever had, and "one of the really great pairs

in Rugby history." The English forwards also played well. The Welsh pack was heavier, but slow. Prince Henry was among the spectators, who numbered about 40,000. The English team may be distinguished by their white jerseys: the Welsh were red. Before the match a Welsh enthusiast climbed one of the goal-posts and placed a bunch of leeks on top, but in sliding down he brought the leeks with him—an evil omen!







## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

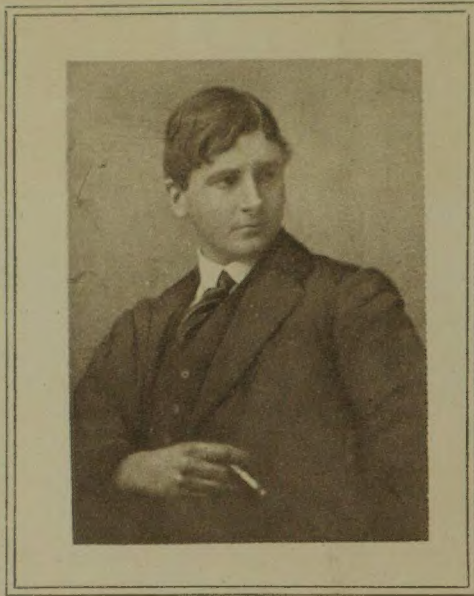
SOMEbody who knew the two brothers and their works once expressed regret that William James had not been the novelist and Henry James the philosopher. The same thought will inevitably occur to many of the readers of "THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES" (Longmans, Green, and Co. two vols.; 42s. net); which have been selected by his son, Henry James, and strung, so to speak, on a slender thread of biography. Whether or not Henry would have succeeded as a philosopher is a question which need not be answered, fortunately. If he had made the attempt, he would at any rate have been a master of the Hegelian method of approaching a problem in a series of slowly-narrowing circles, and the solution (if any) would have been expounded in endless sentences resembling an apple-pie, with the juice in its egg-cup, in construction. But William James as a novelist would certainly have been a "best seller," for his gift of pithy yet picturesque narrative has never been surpassed, and he could elucidate the most abstruse point of human psychology in an epigram with the glow and glitter of Emerson's jewels of imaginative insight. The difference between William and Henry, between the truth-seeker and the beauty-seeker, was illustrated once for all when the former discovered a story written by the latter at the age of ten, in which, under a picture of a mother and child clinging to a rock in the midst of a stormy ocean, was inscribed the legend: "The thunder roared and the lightning followed"! William tormented the sensitive romancer about this meteorological blunder so unmercifully that punishments had to be awarded and the manuscript placed under a maternal protectorate. One of the most delightful letters in this liberal—yet not too liberal—selection is that in which William, having read the "American Scene," criticises the "third manner" of his brother in a passage that seems to parody the latter's style, italics and all—

You know how opposed your whole "third manner" of execution is to the literary ideals which animate my crude and Orson-like breast, mine being to say a thing in one sentence as straight and explicit as it can be made, and then to drop it for ever; yours being to avoid naming it straight, but by dint of breathing and sighing all round and round it to arouse in the reader who may have had a similar perception already (Heaven help him if he hasn't!) the illusion of a solid object, made (like the "ghost" in the Polytechnic) wholly out of impalpable materials—air, and the prismatic interferences of light, ingeniously focussed by mirrors upon empty space. But you do it, that's the queeriness. And the complication of innuendo and associative reference on the enormous scale to which you give way to it does so build out the matter for the reader that the result is to solidify, by the mere bulk of the process, the like process from which he had to start.

I wish I could quote the whole passage, which seems to have been too much for its subject. For, if the absence of adverbs makes it indifferent parody, it is the most luminous piece of criticism I know of a novelist whose subtlest work seems to me—am I, then, a Philistine?—like a threepenny-bit wrapped up in seven blankets.

William James and Henri Bergson are the Dioscuri of Pragmatism, the evilly-named system of thought which insists that philosophy is made for man, not man for philosophy—that the world is not a "block-universe," but a warm and living reality—that truth ceases to be truth when it is no longer a creative boon. Both are masters of the style which is an anti-septic to oblivion, and are secure of immortality as long as the noble languages in which they wrought are remembered by mankind. An American critic described William James as the "Mark Twain of metaphysics," and

the Harvard professor's keen sense of humour to some extent justifies the hasty comparison. The story of the student who stemmed the full tide of a lecture one day by exclaiming "But, Doctor, Doctor!—do be serious for a moment," brings home to all who ever sat over him or heard him talking at his leisure (as I did twice) the humorous vivacity of his method of discussing the most profound topics. Though he never fell into his anecdotalage, he loved an apposite little story, and



AUTHOR OF A NEW NOVEL, "PRIVILEGE":  
MR. MICHAEL SADLEIR.

Mr. Michael Sadleir's new story, "Privilege," is to appear on or about January 22. His previous novels, "Hyssop" and "The Anchor," had much success. He is on the staff of Messrs. Constable, the well-known publishers.

one of the best in his letters he got from his philosophic friend, M. Emile Boutroux, who told how Renan, when taking his seat in the French Academy, gently observed: "Qu'on est bien dans ce fauteuil!" (the *fauteuil* is but a cushioned bench with no back to it). "Peut-être n'y a-t-il que cela de vrai." He loved England and English life, confessing that everything here was just a little better than the same thing in America. Yet was he an American of the Americans!

speaks of "the mighty good-will of him . . . the safety of his second thoughts . . . the fact that he is an open, instead of an underground leader." All these and other good qualities are exhibited in "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME; SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS" (Hodder and Stoughton; two vols.; 42s. net), which is a selection from 150,000 letters he wrote by Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, who also provides a biographical thread—a slender clue to the labyrinthine activities of the virile statesman who was so well defined as a combination of St. Paul and St. Vitus. But the man-in-himself does not emerge from this vast dossier, and we shall not read him aright till some writer of vision explains him in lightning-flashes, leaving out all the sawdust of circumstance. Far more vital reading is "STEEPLEJACK" (Werner, Laurie; two vols.; 42s. net), in which James Gibbon Huneker, critic of all the arts, unfolds his amazing autobiography. He quotes Walt Whitman: "I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones," on his title-page, and the fluent impudence of his revelations is worthy of the author of "Iconoclasts." As Mr. George Moore has dramatised himself in "Gabrielle," so Mr. Huneker now makes himself the central figure, never off the stage, in a twenty-spool cinema that might be entitled "Criticism for the Critic's Sake." The descriptions (e.g., of Paris forty years ago) are delightful; and, if the author removes the pedestals and comments on the clay feet of all the world's idols of art, he yet shows us their marble thews and bay-crowned brows.

We are in the only aristocratic America remaining when reading "FROM A SOUTHERN PORCH" (Putnam's; 10s. 6d. net), by Dorothy Scarborough, who surveys a quiet and considerate world from the verandah of a spacious house in old Virginia. Thus she sits in her rocking-chair and teaches us how to "porch"—for there ought to be, and is, a special word for that happy art, dignified yet curiously inclusive, of loafing amid the amenities of the esoteric South, as yet unspoiled by financial carpet-baggers from the North. She gently chides those who clutter up the world with useless, utilitarian tasks and turn life into a *hortus siccus* of desiccated duties. "Most duties," she avers, "have no real cause to be performed, anyhow, and he who rushes up to do them frenziedly finds out

later that he has fashed himself for nothing." So you sit in a rocking-chair beside her and watch a changing-changeless world full of homely sights and sounds and odours. Time passes to the splash-splash-splash of churning. Darkies are singing in the fields, puppies worrying each other on the grass, jays wrangling on the gravel path; there is a hen with her clucking brood in the flower-bed; and a mule ambles along the road in a cart creaking with rheumatism and old age. There is time for everything and anything, and also for nothing at all, and the long-remembered saying of a Western worker at a thinking-bee, "This workin' between meals ain't what 'tis cracked up fer to be," would be meaningless in the sun-drenched spaces of Virginia, where a meal—or even the snack between meals known as a "lunch" in America—is a sacrament. Miss Scarborough's book is thronged with delightful coloured people, many of whose "reels" and "ballets," hitherto unrecorded, she has taken down from their ripe, jocund lips. It is a wise and beautiful book—this

message from a land where idleness is a fine art still, and nobody really worries over statesmen, philosophers, or critics.



THE FIRST ENGLISH COMEDY, REVIVED AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: THE O.U.D.S. IN "RALPH ROISTER DOISTER"—THE FAT HERO PREPARING FOR CONQUEST.

Nicholas Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister," the forerunner of English comedy, was given four times at Westminster School recently, in aid of the Abbey restoration fund, by the Oxford University Dramatic Society. Our photograph shows the blustering hero, Ralph (Mr. Eric Bush) having his armour buckled on, much to the amusement of his mischievous instigator, Matthew Merrygreek (Mr. J. C. Ledward, on left). Ralph lays siege to a rich widow, Dame Custance (Miss Kitty Ashton), and is routed by her servants. Udall was Headmaster of Eton in 1534, and his play was first performed by Eton boys before Mary Tudor. In 1554 he became Headmaster of Westminster School, and playwright to the Queen.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Theodore Roosevelt appears once or twice in these letters, and when there was a chance of his becoming President of Harvard, William James



# THE END OF D'ANNUNZIO'S ADVENTURE: FIGHTING AT FIUME.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TRAMPUS AND C.N.



THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD: A FUNERAL CEREMONY IN THE CEMETERY AT FIUME FOR THOSE FALLEN IN THE FIGHTING.

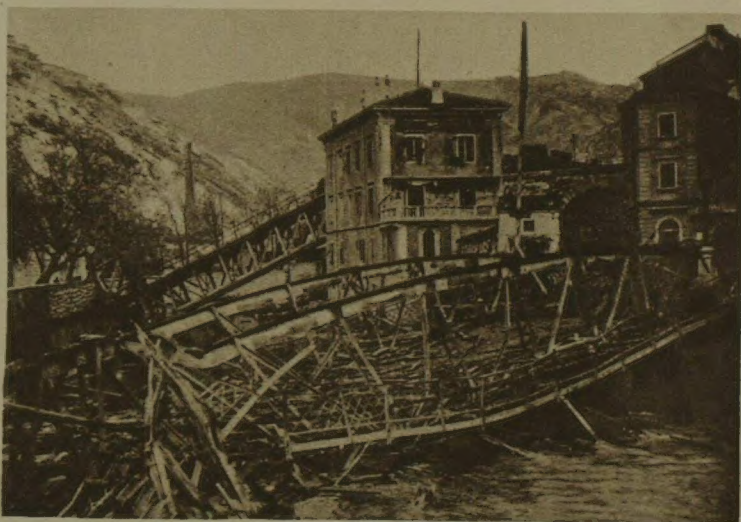


CIVIL WAR AT FIUME BETWEEN D'ANNUNZIO'S FORCES AND GOVERNMENT TROOPS: VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

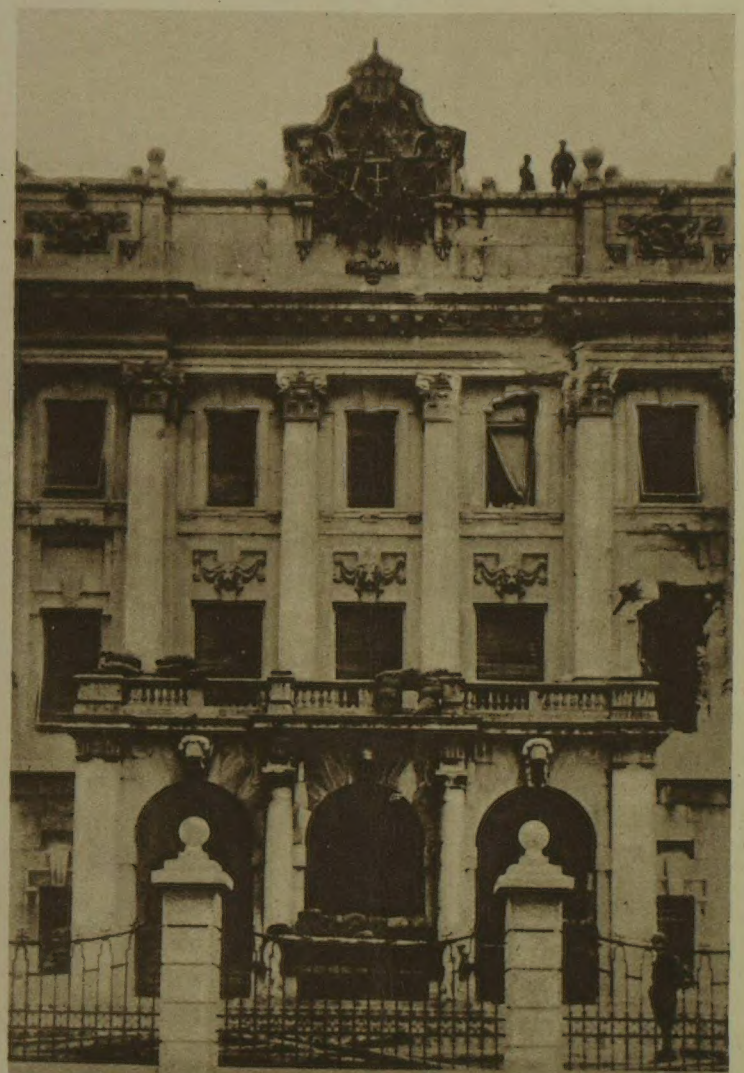


WHERE D'ANNUNZIO LIVED: THE REGENCY PALACE, GUARDED BY PICKED MEN AND A BARRICADE, DURING THE SIEGE.

A "Times" correspondent (the only one in Fiume during the fighting), in a detailed account, says: (December 25) "Three bridges over the river connecting Fiume with Sushak have been blown up. . . . The Palace has been put in a state of defence. A barricade of stone and sandbags has been erected. . . . (December 26) The most dramatic episode of the day was yet to come. In the afternoon a destroyer fired three shells of small calibre on the town. One shell struck the corner of the window of D'Annunzio's room, and the interior was wrecked. D'Annunzio was in an adjoining apartment, and escaped with a slight superficial wound inflicted by a splinter."



BLOWN UP BY D'ANNUNZIO'S MEN TO IMPEDE THE ENTRY OF THE ITALIAN TROOPS: ONE OF THE BRIDGES OVER THE RIVER.



SHOWING THE WINDOW (x) OF D'ANNUNZIO'S ROOM STRUCK BY A NAVAL SHELL: THE REGENCY PALACE AT FIUME.

After a week's siege by Italian Government troops led by General Ferrario, acting under General Caviglia, Fiume was surrendered by the Mayor, to whom D'Annunzio left the negotiations when he found it impossible to resist longer, and it was a question between capitulation and destruction of the town by bombardment. The blockade began on December 22, and hostilities continued (with an interval of grace on Christmas Day) until the 28th. D'Annunzio's Legionaries offered a brave resistance, and numbers were killed on both sides. It was stated on the

31st that, in accordance with the treaty of Rapallo, Fiume would be left free to frame its own constitution. The town was tired of D'Annunzio, and apparently did not support him. In a final manifesto he said: "It is not worth while to throw my life away in the service of a people who could not be distracted for a moment from their Christmas greediness." He remained for a time at Fiume, writing an account of recent events. It was said that he would then resume literary work at Venice or Rome. His Legionaries were disbanded.



# EVENTS OF NOTABLE INTEREST: NEWS OF THE WEEK ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., PATON (OXFORD), ROYAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND I.B.



ANOTHER GERMAN SUBMARINE WASHED ASHORE NEAR HASTINGS: "U.B.131" AS FLOTSAM OF THE WAR, HIGH AND DRY ON THE BEACH.



A NEW USE FOR TANKS: BURSTING OPEN SHOP DOORS IN DUBLIN DURING THE SEARCH FOR ARMS.



TO BE UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE WAR MEMORIAL AT MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S BEQUEST TO PARIS: A SPLENDID JEWEL.



FOR ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN CHIEFS: A NEW MEDAL FOR LOYAL SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE—THE REVERSE.



DOVER'S APPROVAL OF THE "ANTI-WASTE" CAMPAIGN: "CHAIRING" SIR THOMAS POLSON (CENTRE BACKGROUND) AFTER HIS ELECTION AS M.P.



THE FIRST WOMEN JURORS AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT: A MIXED JURY WAITING TO BE SWORN IN ON JANUARY 11.

Another German submarine, a derelict of the war, has been washed ashore near Hastings.—During the search for arms in Dublin, the troops used tanks in breaking open shop doors. A pole was fixed in front and placed against the door: the tank then gently moved forward and the trick was done.—The Prince of Wales has arranged to unveil the War Memorial at Magdalen College, Oxford, on Shrove Tuesday, February 8.—The late Empress Eugénie, fulfilling a promise made when she visited Paris in 1913, has bequeathed to the Carnavalet Museum a magnificent jewel bearing the arms of Paris, presented to her by the city in

1867.—A new medal in silver and silver-gilt, designed by Mr. Carter Preston, has been struck at the Mint for presentation to native chiefs in Africa and the East for loyal service to the Empire. The obverse bears an effigy of the King: the reverse (shown above) a merchant vessel protected by a war-ship.—Colonel Sir Thomas Polson (whose portrait appears on another page) was elected as "anti-waste" candidate at Dover on January 13.—At the January Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, opened on the 11th, women served on juries for the first time.



## THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. IN CAPTIVITY: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. PIERRE GILLIARD. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES.



THE IMPERIAL CAPTIVE LAYING OUT A KITCHEN GARDEN ON A LAWN OF THE ALEXANDER PALACE: THE LATE EMPEROR (THIRD FROM RIGHT IN MIDDLE DISTANCE) AT TSARSKOE-SELO, MAY 1917—(ON LEFT) THE EMPRESS AND TWO DAUGHTERS.

WHEN the Emperor Nicholas and his family were first placed under arrest, on March 21, 1917, and interned at the Alexander Palace at Tsarskoe-Selo, the Emperor was forbidden access to the park, and was only allowed to use, for the purpose of exercise, a small garden close to the palace, surrounded by a cordon of guards. A little later this restriction was removed, and on April 16 we find M. Gilliard recording in his diary: "The weather being very fine, we go out into the park, where they now allow us to take walks, followed by officers of the guard and sentries." An entry in M. Gilliard's diary on April 20, 1917, reads: "We now go for a walk regularly twice a day, in the morning from 11 to noon, and from 2.30 to 5 in the afternoon. We all assemble in the *salle en hémicycle* and there wait for the commander of the guard to open the doors leading to the park. We go out. The officer on duty and the soldiers close up behind us and surround the spot where we stop to work." On Sunday, May 13, 1917, M. Gilliard writes: "This is the second day that

we have been occupied in making a kitchen garden on one of the lawns in the park. We began by removing the turf, carrying away the clods on stretchers and piling it up in a heap. Everyone set to work—the family, ourselves (that is, the members of the *entourage*) and the servants. Several soldiers of the guard even lent a hand to help us! During these latter days the Emperor has worn a very preoccupied air. He said to me while returning from an outing: 'It seems that Russky has resigned. He had asked the troops to take the offensive (one has to implore them now, not give orders!): the committees of soldiers refused. If it is true, this is the end. What a disgrace! To stand on the defensive instead of attacking—it is tantamount to suicide! We are going to leave our Allies to be crushed, and then it will be our turn.' Later he added: "I cannot believe the Army is in the condition reported. It cannot have fallen so low in two months." May 19, 1917, was the Emperor's forty-ninth birthday, and the occasion was observed by a celebration of Mass.

In view of the great interest aroused by the article and illustrations in our issue of January 1, describing the murder of the Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia, with his whole family, by the Bolsheviks at Ekaterinburg on July 17, 1918, we have been able to secure the further photographs given in this issue, dealing with the first period of the Imperial Family's captivity, at Tsarskoe-Selo, after the initial Revolution of March 1917. A translation is again given (on two succeeding pages) of the deeply interesting record, based on his elaborate diary and his personal experiences, written by Monsieur Pierre Gilliard, who was French tutor to

the young Tsarevitch, and shared intimately the daily life of the Imperial Family up to their removal from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg. M. Gilliard himself is seen in the above photograph, standing in the left centre holding a spade and facing the camera. In the present instalment of his narrative he relates what occurred from the time of the Emperor's visit to the Russian Army's Headquarters at Mohilev, on March 8, 1917, followed shortly by the first Revolution and his abdication, up to the departure of the Imperial Family for their new prison at Tobolsk on August 13 of that year.



# THE GREATEST IMPERIAL TRAGEDY: LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. AND HIS FAMILY.

By **PIERRE GILLIARD**, Tutor of the late Tsarevitch.\*

In consequence of the great interest aroused by the article and illustrations in our issue of Jan. 1, describing the massacre of the Russian Imperial Family by Bolsheviks at Ekaterinburg, on July 17, 1918, we have obtained from the same source the following account and photographs of their original arrest and internment at Tsarskoe-Selo in the spring and summer of 1917, after the first Revolution.

The author of the narrative, M. Pierre Gilliard, was tutor to the young Tsarevitch, and shared the captivity and daily life of the Imperial prisoners up to their removal from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg, when he was forcibly separated from them against his will. The present portion of his memoirs takes the story up to their departure from Tsarskoe-Selo for Tobolsk on Aug. 13, 1917.

THE Emperor, after many hesitations, decided to leave for Mohilev on March 8, 1917. He was anxious at the state of affairs, but thought it was his duty to rejoin General Headquarters.

His departure caused great anxiety to the Empress, who, moreover, was apprehensive at the state of health of the Grand Duke Alexis Nicolaievitch. The Tsarevitch had the measles, and complications had set in. The Grand Duchesses, too, were ill, and only Marie Nicolaievna could be of any help to her mother. Two days after the Emperor's departure troubles broke out, and on the 11th the situation became critical; there was rioting in the centre of the town, and the attitude of the troops was slack.

The Emperor had sent a ukase ordering the suspension of the Douma, but, owing to the gravity of the situation the Assembly had decided to form an Executive Committee.

The Empress was greatly upset on hearing of the defection of several regiments, and that they had joined the rebels who fought for the possession of the Arsenal. The story of the next few days is well known—the Emperor's abdication at Pskov in favour of his brother, and the latter's decision that the Constitutional Assembly should decide the fate of Russia.

On March 22 the Emperor, accompanied by Prince Dolgorouki, returned to Tsarskoe-Selo. He was profoundly moved at the turn events had taken. He was not permitted outside a small garden, and access to the park was prohibited. He bore all these restrictions with great fortitude, and the Empress was greatly exhausted after the trials of the past week, and spent her time on a couch in the room of the Grand Duchesses or that of Alexis Nicolaievitch. Marie Nicolaievna was still very ill. She had the measles later than her sisters, and pneumonia had developed. She had been her mother's mainstay during the days of the revolution.

The captivity at Tsarskoe-Selo was not supposed to last long, and there was talk of our transfer to England. The days went by, however, and our departure was always delayed; the Provisional Government had to take the advanced political elements into account, and felt that its authority was being gradually undermined. We were but a short distance from the Finnish frontier, and it would not have been difficult to take the Imperial Family to one of the ports of Finland, and from thence abroad. But all feared to take the responsibility, and were afraid of compromising themselves.

## FIVE MONTHS' CAPTIVITY.

The Imperial Family remained at Tsarskoe-Selo till August 1917. During this period, which I spent with them, I kept a diary of our life. I can only publish a few extracts here.

Sunday, April 1.—As Alexis Nicolaievitch was feeling much better we went to church this

morning. We had been preceded there by their Majesties, the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, and some members of the suite who shared our captivity. When the priest prayed for the success of the Russian Army, the Emperor and Empress knelt, and their example was followed by the whole congregation.

A few days ago, when I came out of the room of Alexis Nicolaievitch I met some soldiers who were lounging about the corridor. I went up to them and asked them what they wanted. "We want to see the Heir." "He is in bed, and you can't see him." "And the others?" "They too are ill." "And where is the Tsar?" "I don't know." "Will he go for a walk?" "I don't know; but you must not stay here and make a

only be able to see her Majesty at meal times, and on the condition that only Russian is spoken. They can have tea together too, but in the presence of an officer, as no servants waited. The Empress, greatly moved, came up to me and said: "To behave like that to the Emperor, to insult him like this after he abdicated in order to avoid civil war—how wrong and mean it is! The Emperor did not want the blood of a single Russian to be shed for him. He was ready to give up everything for the welfare of Russia." After a moment's pause, she added: "This trial must be borne too."

Monday, April 9.—I hear that Kerensky had first intended to isolate the Empress, but it was pointed out to him that it was most inhuman to separate a mother from her sick children; he then decided to isolate the Emperor.

April 13, Good Friday.—The whole family confessed in the evening.

Saturday, April 14.—At half-past nine in the morning, Mass and Holy Communion. In the evening, at half-past eleven, we all assembled in church for the night service. Colonel Korovitchenko, commandant of the Palace and Kerensky's friend, and the three officers on guard, were also present. The service lasted until two o'clock, and we then went into the library to exchange the traditional greetings. The Emperor, according to Russian custom, kissed all the men present, including the Commandant of the Palace and the officers on guard. I noticed that they could not hide their emotion at this spontaneous greeting. We then sat down at a table for the Easter night meal. Their Majesties sat facing one another. We were seventeen, including the two officers. The Grand Duchesses Olga and Marie and Alexis Nicolaievitch were absent. The relative animation at the start soon dropped, and the conversation languished. Her Majesty was particularly silent. Was it fatigue or sadness?

Easter Sunday, April 15.—I went out with Alexis Nicolaievitch on the terrace for the first time. A wonderful spring day. At seven in the evening, religious service upstairs in the children's room. There are only about fifteen of us. I noticed that the Emperor crossed himself devoutly when the priest prayed for the Provisional Russian Government.

On the following day, as the weather was very fine, we went into the park, where we are now permitted to walk, followed by the officers and the sentries. Wishing to take some physical exercise, we amused ourselves by freeing the ice from the sluices of the pond. A crowd of soldiers and civilians assembled outside the park railings and looked at us. After a time the officer on guard came up to the Emperor and said that the Commandant of the garrison of Tsarskoe-Selo had warned him that he feared a hostile demonstration, or even an attempt against the Imperial Family, and asked us not to stay there.



FAITHFUL TO THE IMPERIAL FAMILY: THEIR ENTOURAGE DURING INTERNMENT AT TSARSKOE-SELO IN THE SUMMER OF 1917.

Seated in front is Countess Benckendorff. Standing, from left to right, are: Prince Dolgorouki, M. Pierre Gilliard, Countess Hendrikov, Baroness Buxhewden, Mlle. Schneider, Count Benckendorff, and Dr. Derevenko.

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noise, on account of the invalids." Thereupon they marched off on tiptoe, talking in low voices. And those were the soldiers who were described as fierce revolutionaries hating their former Emperor!

Tuesday, April 3.—Kerensky came to the Palace to-day for the first time. He went through all the rooms and examined the positions of the sentries, to see whether we were properly guarded. Before leaving, he had a pretty long interview with the Emperor and Empress.

Friday, April 6.—The Emperor told me to-day how sad he felt when he read the papers. The army is ruined; no more hierarchy or discipline. The officers fear their soldiers, who now spy on them. I felt that the Emperor was greatly depressed at the collapse of the army which he so loved.

Sunday, April 8.—After Mass Kerensky informed the Emperor that he must be separated from the Empress, that he will have to live alone, and will

\* Our Extracts from the Article by M. Pierre Gilliard and the accompanying Illustrations are Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.



## UNDER MILITARY GUARD: THE TSAREVITCH AND HIS SECOND SISTER.

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MURDERED LATER, WITH HER PARENTS, SISTERS AND BROTHER, BY BOLSHEVISTS AT EKATERINBURG: THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, UNDER GUARD, IN THE GROUNDS OF TSARSKOE-SELO IN 1917.



TAUGHT HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY BY HIS FATHER, THE EMPEROR: THE LATE TSAREVITCH (THEN THIRTEEN) WITH HIS SISTER THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, UNDER GUARD AT TSARSKOE-SELO.

The Grand Duchess Tatiana was the second of the four daughters of the late Emperor and Empress of Russia, and at the time these photographs were taken was aged twenty, while her brother, the Tsarevitch, was thirteen. They were murdered, with the rest of the family, by the Bolshevists at Ekaterinburg in the following year. In the upper photograph the Grand Duchess is seen sitting in the park at Tsarskoe-Selo, at the boundary beyond which the Imperial prisoners were not allowed to go. All the roads and walks were guarded by soldiers.

The lower photograph was taken at the same spot, where her brother had joined her. Beside them are spades and various implements used for breaking the ice on the ponds and canals—work in which the prisoners took part, for the sake of exercise. M. Gilliard, who taught the Tsarevitch and his sisters French, records in his diary how the Emperor and Empress were concerned for their son's education during their captivity, and themselves took him in some subjects—the Empress in religious instruction, and the Emperor in history and geography.



The Emperor replied that he was not afraid and that the people did not worry him.

*Friday, April 20.*—We now take walks regularly twice a day, in the morning from 11 to 12, and in the afternoon 2.30 till 5. We all assemble in the hall and wait till the commandant of the guard comes and opens the doors leading to the park. We go out; the officer on duty and the soldiers follow us and halt at the spot where we wish to work. The Empress and the Grand Duchesses Olga and Marie still keep indoors.



WHERE THE IMPERIAL PRISONERS ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR OUTINGS, AND ON THEIR DEPARTURE FOR TOBOLSK: THE SEMICIRCULAR HALL IN THE ALEXANDER PALACE, TSARSKOE-SELO. — [Photograph Copyright.]

*Sunday, April 22.*—Prohibition to go as far as the pond: we must stay near the Palace and not go beyond the bounds which are permitted. In the distance we see a curious crowd who try to catch a glimpse of us.

*Wednesday, April 25.*—Kerensky has come back to the Palace. Dr. Botkin seized the opportunity to ask him whether it would not be possible to send the Imperial Family to Livadia (Crimea) on account of the children's health. Kerensky replied that it was impossible at present. He then went to see their Majesties, and stayed some considerable time. The attitude of Kerensky towards the Emperor has altered, and he no longer has the air of a judge. I feel certain he has begun to understand what the Emperor really is, and is beginning to feel his moral superiority, as is the case with all who approach him.

*Sunday, April 29.*—In the evening a long conversation with their Majesties about the lessons of Alexis Nicolaievitch. We must find some solution, as we have no professors! The Emperor decided to teach history and geography, and the Empress religion. The other branches will be divided between Baroness Buxhewden (English), Mlle. Schneider (arithmetic), Dr. Botkin (Russian) and I.\*

*Tuesday, May 1.*—It is the first time that Russia celebrates the First of May. We heard the sound of trumpets and we saw long processions pass the park railings.

*Thursday, May 3.*—The Emperor told me in the evening that the news of the last few days was not good. The extremists insist that France and England shall make peace "without annexation or indemnity." The deserters are more and more numerous and the Army is melting away. Will the Provisional Government have the strength to continue the war?

The Emperor follows the events with painful interest. He is anxious, but he still hopes that the country will pick up and remain faithful to the Allies.

#### A VEGETABLE GARDEN IN THE PARK.

*Sunday, May 13.*—It is the second day that we are trying to make a vegetable garden on the lawns of the park. We started by taking the grass away in hand-barrows. Everyone set to work: the family, we, and the servants. Even some of the soldiers on guard came to help us!

The Emperor looked very preoccupied these last days. He said on coming in from his walk:

\* It is important to note here that the Tsarevitch never had a German lesson in his life.

"It appears that Russky has handed in his resignation. He had asked for an offensive to be started (one implores: orders are no longer given): the committees of soldiers have refused. If this is true, it is the end. What a disgrace! To defend oneself and not to attack, it is equivalent to suicide! We shall let our Allies be crushed, and then our turn will come."

*Monday, May 14.*—The Emperor referred to our conversation of yesterday, and he added: "What gives me a little hope is the fact that we love exaggeration. I can't believe that the Army at the front is in the condition they say: it can't have deteriorated to such an extent in two months."

*Saturday, May 19.*—Birthday of the Emperor (49 years of age); Mass and congratulations.

*Sunday, May 27.*—For some time past we get but little wood, and it is extremely cold everywhere. Mme. Narishkin (Grand Mistress of the Court) is ill, and she has been removed to-day; her state of health demanding care which we can't give her here. She is in despair at the thought of leaving us, as she knows that she will not be allowed to return to the Palace.

*Saturday, June 2.*—We still work daily at the vegetable garden. We water it with a barrel which we drag along turn-and-turn-about.

*Friday, June 15.*—We have finished the vegetable garden, which is magnificent. We have every kind of vegetable and 500 cabbages. The servants have also made a vegetable garden at the other side of the Palace, where they will be able to grow what they like. We went to help them plough, the Emperor too. In order to occupy our leisure, now that we have finished our gardening, we have asked and obtained permission to cut the dead trees in the park. We move from one spot to another accompanied by our guard. We are becoming quite skilful woodsmen. We shall have a provision of wood for next winter!

*Sunday, June 24.*—The days follow, one like unto the other. Our time is taken up with lessons and walks. The Emperor told me quite an amusing episode this morning, which broke the monotony of our seclusion. He was reading aloud to the Empress and Grand Duchesses, yesterday evening, in the red room. Suddenly, at eleven o'clock, one of the footmen came in looking very upset, and said that the commandant of the guard wanted to see the Emperor immediately. The latter imagined that something very serious had occurred at Petrograd—a great armed Bolshevik manifestation against the Provisional Government was anticipated—and said that he was to be introduced. The officer came in accompanied by two n.c.o.'s. He explained that he had been called by the firing of one of the sentries, who noticed red and green signals coming from the room occupied by the Imperial Family. General amazement. What signals? What did it all mean? The Empress and the Grand Duchesses greatly moved. The officer ordered the curtains to be drawn—the heat was stifling—and was

about to leave, when one of the n.c.o.'s gave the explanation of the mystery. The Grand Duchess Anastasia was sitting on the window-sill working. She occasionally leant forward to get things from the table, and thereby covered and uncovered two lamps with red and green shades. The officer left in confusion.

*Monday, July 2.*—We hear that an offensive was started in the region of Tarnopol and is developing most successfully.

*Tuesday, July 3.*—"Te Deum" in honour of the fighting, which seems to portend a great victory. The Emperor, radiant, brought the evening papers to Alexis Nicolaievitch and read him the bulletins.

*Sunday, July 15.*—Nothing new in our captivity. Walks are our only distraction. It is very hot, and for several days Alexis Nicolaievitch has bathed in the pond which surrounds the children's island. He enjoys it very much.

#### THE DEPARTURE.

*Thursday, Aug. 9.*—I hear that the Provisional Government has decided to transfer the Imperial Family. The destination is kept secret. We all hope it will be the Crimea.

*Saturday, Aug. 11.*—We are informed that we must get warm clothing. We are, therefore, not being sent south. Great disappointment.

*Sunday, Aug. 12 (July 30, O.S.).*—Birthday of Alexis Nicolaievitch (13 years old). At the request of the Empress the miraculous ikon of the Virgin of the Znamenia Church has been brought. Mass. Our departure has been fixed for to-morrow. Colonel Kobylinski (who, in June, replaced Colonel Korovitchenko as Commandant of the Palace) told me in secret that we were being transferred to Tobolsk.

*Monday, Aug. 13.*—We must be ready by midnight, we are told. The train will leave at one o'clock. Final preparations. Farewell visits to the vegetable garden, the children's island, etc. At about one o'clock in the morning we are all assembled with our luggage. The Grand Duke Michael came with Kerensky and had an interview with the Emperor, who was very happy to see his brother before his departure. Our train had not yet arrived. It appeared that difficulties had arisen with the Petrograd railwaymen, who suspected that the train was for the Imperial Family. The hours went by most fatiguingly. Should we be able to leave? We began to doubt. (This incident proves the helplessness of the Government.) At last, at five o'clock, we were told that all was ready. We said good-bye to those of our fellow captives who



WITH AN OMINOUS PICTURE—A PORTRAIT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN: THE EMPRESS'S SALON IN THE ALEXANDER PALACE, TSARSKOE-SELO. — [Photograph Copyright.]

could not go with us. We felt sad at the thought of leaving Tsarskoe-Selo, and this departure into the unknown filled us with forebodings. When our cars got out of the park gates we were escorted by a detachment of cavalry to the little station of Alexandrovka. We took our seats in the carriages, which were very comfortable. Half an hour went by, then the train moved slowly. It was ten to six.



# IMPERIAL DIGNITY IN DURESS: THE CAPTIVE TSAR AND TSARITSA.

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THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA IN CAPTIVITY: THE TSARITSA IN HER WHEELED CHAIR; WITH HER WORK.



RESIGNED TO HIS HUMILIATIONS FOR RUSSIA'S SAKE: THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. SHOVELLING SNOW.



WATCHED BY THE OFFICER OF THE GUARD: THE LATE EMPEROR (ON LEFT) HELPING TO LAY OUT A KITCHEN GARDEN AT TSARSKOE-SELO—(ON RIGHT) THE SAILOR NAGORNY, AFTERWARDS SHOT BY THE BOLSHEVISTS.

The Emperor and Empress displayed wonderful patience and magnanimity during the sixteen months of their captivity. At the time when these photographs were taken (the spring of 1917), the Emperor had just abdicated and rejoined his family at Tsarskoe-Selo, where they were first interned. Of this time M. Gilliard records: "The Emperor accepted all these severities with remarkable serenity and greatness of soul. Never a word of reproach passed his lips. One sentiment dominated his being, stronger even than the bonds of family affection, and that was love of his country. One felt he was ready to forgive all to those who

inflicted these humiliations on him, if only they could save Russia. The Empress spent almost all her time resting in a long chair at the bedside of the Grand Duchesses or Alexis (her son). Emotion and anguish had broken her physically, but since the Emperor's return, she felt a great spiritual peace and lived a life of intense introspection, speaking little, and yielding at length to an insistent need of repose." The sailor Nagorny, seen in the lower photograph, was in attendance on the Tsarevitch, for befriending whom he was shot by the Bolsheviks at Ekaterinburg in June 1918.



## THE GREATEST IMPERIAL TRAGEDY: THE TSAR'S CHILDREN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. PIERRE GILLIARD

## (ALL MURDERED BY BOLSHEVISTS) GARDENING IN CAPTIVITY.

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THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA HELPING TO TURN A LAWN INTO A KITCHEN GARDEN AT TSARSKOE-SELO:  
REMOVING TURF WITH A SOLDIER OF THE GUARD.



RESTING FROM THEIR WORK OF LAYING OUT A KITCHEN GARDEN: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, THE TSAREVITCH,  
AND GRAND DUCHESSES TATIANA AND ANASTASIA.



TAKING THEIR TURN AT WATERING THE NEW KITCHEN GARDEN: THE GRAND DUCHESSES TATIANA (LEFT) AND ANASTASIA  
PUSHING A WHEELED WATER-BUTT INTO POSITION.



WITH HER PET DOG: THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, AND HER SISTER ANASTASIA, IN A FLOWERY CORNER OF THE PARK  
AT TSARSKOE-SELO IN THE SUMMER OF 1917.

History holds no parallel, at any rate among modern and civilised communities, to the simultaneous extermination of a whole Imperial Family, as in the crime perpetrated by the Bolsheviks at Ekaterinburg on July 17, 1918, when the Tsar and Tsarina, their five children, and several of their attendants, were all murdered at once by revolver shots and bayonet thrusts. Such was the awful fate of the four Grand Duchesses and their brother, who in the above photographs are seen gardening at Tsarskoe-Selo during the early months of their captivity in 1917. The eldest, Olga, was then 22; Tatiana was 20; Marie, 18; Anastasia, 16; and Alexis, the Tsarevitch, 13. As mentioned on a previous page, they and their father, the Emperor, took exercise by laying out a vegetable garden on one of the palace lawns. On June 2, 1917, M. Gilliard, the tutor, who

took these photographs, records in his diary: "We continue to work every day at the kitchen garden. We water it by means of a wheeled butt which we take turns to draw." On June 15 he writes: "We finished our kitchen garden some little time ago. It is grand. We have got every vegetable one can think of, and 500 cabbages. The servants in their turn have made a kitchen garden on the other side of the palace, where they will be able to grow what they want. We went to help them work at it, the Emperor included. To occupy our leisure, now that we have finished our gardening work, we obtained permission to cut down dead trees in the park. We go from place to place, followed by the guard, and we are beginning to be quite efficient wood-cutters. It will provide us with a store of wood for next winter."





# "THE CIGARETTE-MAKERS."

BY GONZALO BILBAO.

Although the Spanish Exhibition at the Royal Academy is over, the Spanish vogue is likely to remain with us, and no apology is needed for reproducing Gonzalo Bilbao's picture "The Cigarette-Makers," one of the most attractive exhibits. A certain topical interest also attaches to it from

the fact that it recalls to mind Marion Crawford's well-known novel "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," a dramatised version of which is a popular item in the repertoire of that new knight of the stage, Sir Martin Harvey.

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## ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

IN miscellaneous collections of books under the hammer there are always items which prick the conscience of the man of letters as being books which he should have read, but has not. Others awake memories of faithful studies and long vigils in years gone by. There are, too, items which, by reason of their rarity and value, come into the limelight of the auction-room, win a momentary triumph, and pass again into

A curious volume is the "Letters of Junius," with wood-cuts by Bewick. Here is Johnson's "Journey to the Western Highlands of Scotland," first edition, 1775. Coleridge's "Poems," first edition, 1796, has the bookplate of Charles Lloyd and an inscription by him to Susan Hawker in his autograph. Bernard Barton has a collection of letters addressed from Woodbridge to his friend Wodder-spoon at Ipswich. Edward FitzGerald, of Omar fame, is familiarly alluded to as "Teddy," in these unpublished letters. Nor should go unrecorded Miss Braddon's "My Best Story," and why I think it so," holograph MS., with corrected proofs of the story, "His Oldest Friends." Some tracts by Savonarola from a Spanish press at Astorga in 1547 is a volume of the utmost rarity.

At Christie's, on the 14th, among a miscellaneous collection of modern pictures and drawings, Birket Foster claimed attention with drawings, "Campa Santa, Pisa," and "Fountain Square, Seville," from the artist's sale; and four tiny stippled gems, the largest 5½ by 9½ in., of Craigmillar Castle, Hythe and Sandgate, and the Bridge of Sighs, Venice. In the same rooms, on the 19th, certain old English plate braved all financial depression.

On the 21st, Messrs. Christie sold modern pictures some items of which drew attention by reason of new standards of value. Alma-Tadema's "An Apodyterium," the ante-chamber of the ladies' bath in the days of the Roman Empire, was painted in 1886. It is only a panel 18 by 24 in. Other days, other views, and, be it said, other prices. Peppercorn was once regarded as the artist's artist. We all love Clovelly. Here was a panel offered of that delectable spot, but Peppercorn, unfortunately, belongs to the 'eighties, just that period which is not old enough to be curiously evasive, and not modern enough to be representative of to-day's outlook. Ospovat brings a Russian version of "Fra Lippo Lippi" and "Old Pictures in Florence": illustrations for Browning's "Men and Women." These pen-and-ink drawings, which come from the collection of Judge Evans, attracted considerable attention a quarter of a century ago. The coarse, almost peasant, vision of Ospovat titillated the palates of late Victorians. Old illustrated magazines contain his decadent work in coarse line, but instantly eclipsed by the *finesse* and subtlety of Aubrey Beardsley.

At Messrs. Sotheby's, the final portion of the Britwell Court library is being sold on Jan. 31, and two following days. Comprising valuable early English works on theology and divinity, this embraces early editions of the Scriptures printed in English in England, with notable works by Miles Coverdale, Erasmus, John Knox, Martin Luther, Sir Thomas More, William Tyndale, and others of the Reformation period. Two of Godfray's (the printer of Chaucer, 1532), the "Boke of Solomon, called Ecclesiastes (which is to say in English a preacher)," and the "Prouerbes of Solomon," have delightful woodcut designs on the title-page of a dragon and monkey, birds and cloves, and are both unrecorded editions.

In a fine collection from various sources of bronzes, armour, and weapons to be sold on

Jan. 31 by Messrs. Sotheby, there is a touch of romance in certain items, the property of Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell. A fine Maximilian early sixteenth-century helmet was found in the treasury of the Mahdi at Khartoum after its capture. A sixteenth-century morion in bronze was actually worn by a Dervish Emir at the Battle of Toski on the Nile in 1898. From the same battle and from the Battle of Gemaza were taken three Dervish swords, one Spanish, inscribed "No me sapues sin razón," and "No me enbaines sin honor." If the helmets of our troops in the Great War went back to days of armour, here is an instance in modern warfare of armour of the old days of chivalry and the Crusades being used against British forces.

Apart from the fine porcelain, the property of Lord Willoughby de Broke, which Messrs. Sotheby are selling on Jan. 27, the textiles at the same sale include some remarkable examples. Needlework pictures, Stuart panels in stump-work, chair seats in Mortlake tapestry, all offer excellent variety. An English jate thirteenth or early fourteenth-century stole is of great rarity. It has thirty-eight shields of arms. It is one of the most remarkable and rare examples of English embroideries extant. Another item is a fine Stuart needlework binding to the 1641 issue of the Book of Psalms. It is hoped connoisseurs will realise its artistic excellence.

Persian art is exemplified in a collection of miniatures and lacquer book-covers to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Feb. 8. We know Persian bowls and beakers, we revere Persian tiles. In this connection let us turn to Holland, where



THE RULER UNDER WHOM PERSIAN ART REACHED ITS ZENITH: SHAH ABBAS—A CONTEMPORARY MINIATURE, OF A.D. 1613.

This portrait of Shah Abbas, signed Riza Abbasi, and dated 1022 A.H. (= 1613 A.D.), is included in M. Léonce Rosenberg's collection of Persian and Indian miniatures to be sold, with others, at Sotheby's on February 8.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

cloistered seclusion. Messrs. Puttick and Simpson dispersed such a collection on Jan. 12. In one lot there was Daniel Defoe's "The Storm," first edition, 1704, and seventeen histories and novels by Mrs. Behn. Defoe, the tile-maker for whom a reward was issued, stood in the pillory at Cheapside; and Mistress Aphra Behn, secret service agent at the Court of Charles II., who gave the unheeded warning of the projected attack of the Dutch Fleet on the Medway, lies buried in the northern ambulatory of Westminster Abbey.



A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF STUART NEEDLEWORK: A BINDING FOR THE 1641 EDITION OF "THE WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMS."

The above is also a lot in the sale of textiles at Sotheby's on January 28. On each side is an esquire's coat of arms in silk, with scroll-work in pearls and gold thread and four birds worked in silks. The binding is in small 32mo size, 3½ in by 2½ in.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



BEARING 38 SHIELDS OF ARMS: A STOLE OF THE LATE 13TH OR EARLY 14TH CENTURY, ONE OF THE RAREST EXAMPLES OF ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

This rare stole, the property of Lord Willoughby de Broke, is included in the sale of valuable textiles at Sotheby's on January 28. It measures 8½ ft. by 2½ inches.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

we have, all of us, made a standard mentally. The Dutch potters, in their imitation of fine Chinese porcelain, to which ideal in technique they could not attain, produced their imitative delft. Persian potters did the same. China was the creator, Persia was the absorbent art stratum which arrested and spiritualised Far Eastern art and transmitted it to the West.

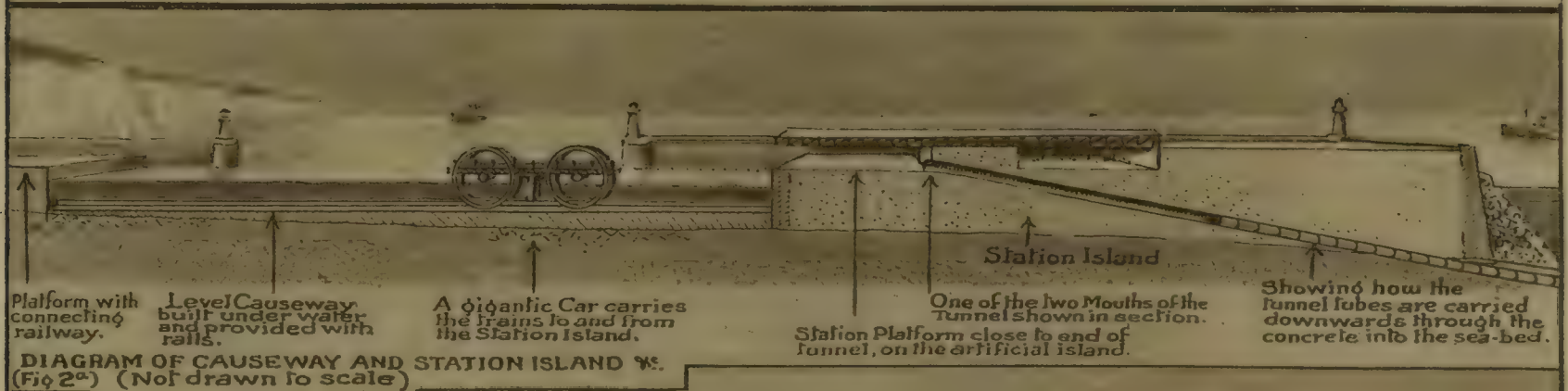
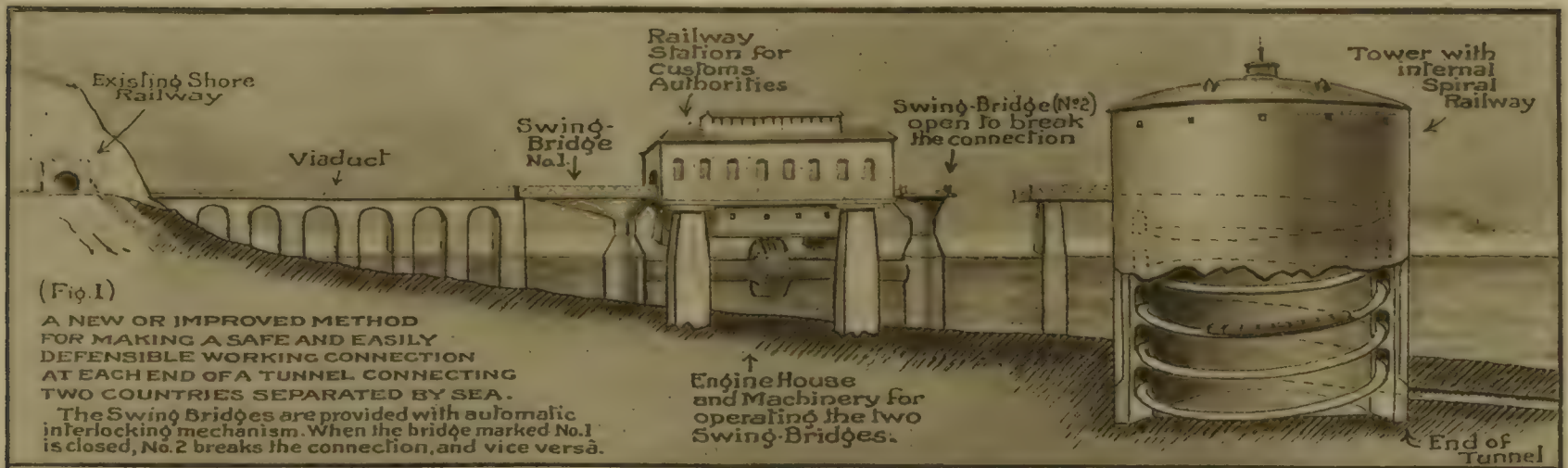
In the examination of the collection of Persian miniatures we find an originality and poetry which leave the Far East and approximate to Western ideals. The delicate portrait of Shah Abbas (1587-1628), in whose reign Persian art attained its highest degree of perfection, is a real portrait. East and West commingle in the curious designs embodying the signs of the Zodiac.

In regard to Persian calligraphy, the fine examples now sold were once valued at great price. Nowadays, we buy in the West at ridiculous rates. Sir Joshua's portraits sell for a hundred times his price. Persian MSS. sell for a tenth of their original contemporary estimation. We remember the beauty of calligraphy of Persia, and the colours and the poesie of her art, and in so doing connoisseurs come ripe for eager competition for the beautiful objects which Messrs. Sotheby offer.



## CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

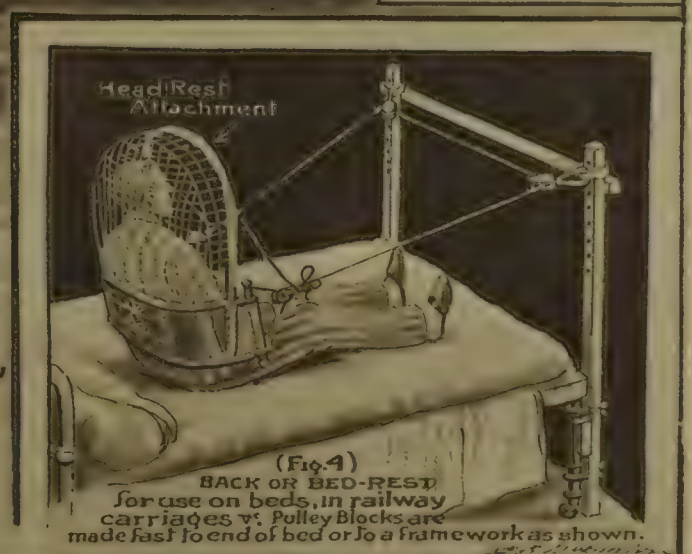
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



A TUNNEL CINEMA. Pictures are fixed in position to represent continuous moving pictures when viewed from a quickly moving train. (c) Contact plates. (b) Leads from lamps. (p) Pictures.

The Car employed for transporting the trains between the Station Island platform and the shore platform with its connecting railway.

To increase the stability of the Cars the rims of the wheels are made hollow and partly filled with a heavy material such as mercury, sand, or water. The rails (see Fig. 2<sup>c</sup>) are made of cast-iron troughs filled in with concrete.



## MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES V.—DEVICES APPLICABLE TO THE PROBLEM OF A CHANNEL TUNNEL.

The Channel Tunnel question, like the poor, is always with us, and it is not surprising that the Patent Office holds various schemes for solving such problems. Fig. 1 shows a device emanating from Yorkshire, and Fig. 2 another from Austria: in each case the inventors included a woman. Our artist's diagrams make their proposals abundantly clear. At the foot of the page are some interesting accessories, one of which utilises the walls of a tunnel for advertisements drawn on the "Mutt and Jeff" principle so as to give passengers in the passing trains the impression of moving pictures. Inventors, hitherto regarded

as an unbusiness-like and downtrodden race, exploited by others, have now begun to organise in their own interests. The new Institute of Patentees, with 524 members, held its first meeting on January 12, at the offices of the National Union of Manufacturers. An Imperial system of patents was advocated, instead of the present one necessitating a separate patent in each Dominion. At a subsequent dinner, Mr. Ben Tillett said that an inventor of a new Parliament was badly needed. Sir W. Grey-Wilson suggested that no man should enter the Cabinet until he had taken out a patent! [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## A NATURAL WONDER WHICH SUPPLIED THE VICTORIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE NEW



SOLID ENOUGH TO BEAR A MAN'S WEIGHT, BUT HOT TO THE FEET WHEN STANDING STILL, LIKE AN ASPHALT WHICH SMOOTHS OVER



SOURCE OF 170,000,000 SQUARE YARDS OF ASPHALT PAVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES ALONE: A GENERAL WHO "MADE TRIAL OF IT IN

The famous Pitch Lake at La Brea, Trinidad, is one of the natural wonders of the world. It is a great level area of about 114 acres with a dull bluish-grey surface, broken by pools of water. Asphalt is easily dug from it, with a pick or mattock, and is then taken by rail to a refinery (where the water is extracted), and shipped in barrels to various parts of the world. Immense quantities have been used for road and pavement surface—170,000,000 square yards in the United States alone. Among many famous streets thus paved are the Victoria Embankment in London and Fifth Avenue, New York. The supply is practically inexhaustible. The most marvellous thing about it is that excavations 3 ft. or more deep are smoothed over again by the settlement of the lake level in a single night. Its depth is unknown. Mr. Algernon Aspinall mentions in his book, "The British West Indies," that "Sir Walter Raleigh is credited with having been the first European to discover the existence of 'pitch' in Trinidad." The pitch lake

## EMBANKMENT: TRINIDAD'S FAMOUS LAKE OF ASPHALT.

TRINIDAD LAKE ASPHALT CO., LTD.



STREET ON A SULTRY DAY: THE WONDERFUL PITCH LAKE AT LA BREA, NEAR SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD, EXCAVATIONS IN A NIGHT.



VIEW OF TRINIDAD'S REMARKABLE PITCH LAKE, DISCOVERED IN 1595 BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH, TRIMMING OUR SHIPPES."

is believed to indicate a vast subterranean reservoir of oil, which modern enterprise is developing. Early efforts to market the asphalt were unsuccessful. Sir William Ingram records that over sixty years ago Lord Dundonald, the celebrated Admiral of the Chilean Fleet, obtained a concession from the Trinidad Government to take away pitch from the Pitch Lake in Trinidad. A syndicate in London was formed to work this concession, and Herbert Ingram was one of the members. A sailing vessel was sent out to the West Indies; when the ship arrived back in the Thames the syndicate tried to dispose of the asphalt, but there was in those days no use for the article; so the order was given to throw overboard the useless cargo. Here the Thames Conservancy intervened, and a plot of land on the adjoining bank had to be purchased on which the stuff was dumped.





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

WHEN on Saturday, January 8, I witnessed the triumphant celebration of "The Betrothal," by Maurice Maeterlinck, at the Gaiety, my thoughts wandered back a span of nearly thirty years. For almost on the same spot, where then stood the old Opéra Comique, I, in youthful ardour and foolhardiness, had sponsored the cause of Maeterlinck. His name was then in the ascendant; he was much admired and much derided; Comyns Carr had called him a very Belgian Shakespeare; the younger men at the time, fortified by the publication of "La Princesse Maleine" by Mr. Heinemann, went into raptures. At ladies' clubs, would-be blue stockings whispered the names of Hauptmann—Sudermann—Maeterlinck—oh! the fun and the ignorance of it!—one breath for three men "poles asunder"! So I thought the time ripe to let our earnest students of drama see what Maeterlinck really was on the stage, and I arranged with Lugné Poë, the famous creator of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre in Paris, still the *vedette* of all that is remarkable in international drama, to come over with his company and to produce "La Princesse Maleine" under the joint banners of "l'Œuvre" and the Independent Theatre. Our expectations ran high; we hoped that London would flock to worship the exquisite performance of Suzanne Després and her husband, Lugné Poë.

And this is how London answered the call of Art! In the stalls, seventeen people—mostly Press. In the boxes, one party—mine. In the pit, a fair muster of Independents and habitual first-nighters. In the dress-circle, here and there a face, but mainly grins of vacant seats. In the upper-circle the same void. But the gallery was full—here were the boys and girls who never failed the pioneer, here were many members of the Playgoers' Club, ever welcome guests of the Independent Theatre. But the desert in the house did not damp the ardour of the performers, the audience shouted themselves hoarse and clapped their hands into blisters; the Press; as usual divided in appraisement of merit—there were those who still looked upon Maeterlinck as a *funiste*!—lauded the performance to the skies. If we had had the money to pursue, if a Mæcenas had been found, which never occurred until Miss Florence Farr captured an anonymous "backer" for her season at the Avenue (it turned out later to be Miss Horniman, the fairy-godmother of the Repertory Movement started at Manchester), we might have gone on. But Poë had no means for London experiments, and the coffers of the Independent Theatre, mainly lined by my personal obligations, were drained beyond drainage—so we had to be content with artistic laurels and financial disaster. And that was that.

But, ever since, Maeterlinck has spread like wild-fire, and both Tree and Mrs. Campbell launched the argosy of which we had laid the keel. In 1921 all London was at the Gaiety to pay homage to the great poet. The majority came, I think, with preconceived intentions to praise, for a Barker production, with scenery and costumes by Charles Ricketts, music by a young Englishman, C. Armstrong Gibbs, and the lavish hands of Grossmith and Laurillard granting *carte blanche* to luxury beyond the dreams of avarice—what could it be otherwise than a feast of beauty? And so it was. In fairyland dwelt the vast imagination of Charles Ricketts; in fairyland, the charm of Carlotta Mosetti, our one girl dancer who can vie with men; in fairyland, the music of Armstrong Gibbs, often reminiscent of Debussy's lace-work; in fairyland, the unseen yet ubiquitous guidance of Granville Barker, who succeeded in imbuing all his actors with the spirit of phantasmagoria—all? well, not all, but I would not be ungracious

and describe my vision of the fairy Berylune. Still, Miss Stella Campbell's Light was fanciful and inspired; Miss Gladys Cooper's veiled Joy was statuesque and anon a sight for the gods; Ivan Berlyn's Destiny, so weirdly beheld by Tytlyl, was a magnificent *tour de force* in its dwindling from giantdom to a midget; and Bobbie Andrews, in the most difficult, somewhat passive part of the Boy Hero, was all that the poet



"THE CHARM SCHOOL," AT THE COMEDY: MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS MISS CURTIS, AND MR. OWEN NARES AS PETER.

Peter Bevans inherits a Girls' School from an aunt who dies intestate, and decides to put to the test his belief that the chief aim of the educationist should be to teach girls to be charming. The result is a most amusing play.—[Photograph by the Stage Photo. Co.]

could desire, because he was all youth and no affectation.

So the vision was perfect: there remains the play; and on this point the great reputation of Maeterlinck warrants candour. I have read it in French, in Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, our

and uneducated of mortals: verily, were it not signed by a world-famous name would it have attracted universal attention? I for one cannot compare it with a fairy-play of home-growth, "The Shepherdess Without a Heart." The one is a painted lily; the other—our own of Bertram Forsyth—a simple flower of the field of intuitive imagination. There are spots of beauty in "The Betrothal": the scene in which the veiled bride

clasps to her bosom the child of her dreams reminds one, in flight of fancy and poetry of thought, of the touching episode in "The Miracle" when the Madonna fondles her little God-sent babe. Again, there is true poesy in the boy's perfunctory courting of the six maidens ready to be the elect, while his mind is filled with the blurred picture of the ideal woman, whom he has not seen. But against this, how much there is in the dream which is forced philosophy, "*voulu*," dragged in for want of greater invention; how much there is wholly beyond the crude adolescent mind and inaccessible to the understanding not only of children, but even of grown-ups, unless, in purblind worship of a Master, they seek explanation without consideration of conscience? Thus the ancestral nonsense in the selection of a mate; thus the amusing but also ludicrous dwarfing of Destiny; thus the appearance of the unborn children which, indelicate in "The Blue Bird," becomes a pretty picture, yet an absurd one, in "The Betrothal." A fairy-tale, I take it, has for object to appeal to all sorts and conditions of ages, and primordially it must be seen *à travers le tempérament*—in English, through the eyes of the young generation. It must, therefore, be as clear as crystal and as simple as thought uninfluenced by experience. In a word, the hearer must realise that what is supposed to happen in the boy's dream must be such as is consistent with his immature conception of life. In "The Betrothal" there is but a fragment of this archaic simplicity; there is an almost total absence of humour, and what there is of it seems forced; and there is a great deal of specious philosophy which carries no palpable message at all, except to those "high-brow" Poloniuses who, to please the Hamlet of their worship, would see things against their better belief. Thus, in the case of "The Betrothal," it is the display which enchants us, not the play.

In contrast to Maeterlinck's effort, it is pleasant

to turn to an unpretentious play of American origin. "The Charm School," adapted from Alice Duer Miller's book, is a little comedy of no pretence, but undeniable charm. It is also a fairy-tale masquerading in the garb of modern life. In scheme it is all make-belief, moonshine and romance; in action it has an air of comely reality, gently illuminated with the pleasant humour of youthful adventure. A mere boy inherits a girls' school—he is not equipped to lead, but he will undertake the stupendous task. The very notion is comic. What must that boy feel among these wagging tongues and waving skirts of a dozen sweet damsels! The inevitable happens, of course: one of the girls, just on the fringe of romance, sets her cap at him. It is all as light as a feather and as fantastic as if the world were an Eden instead of a vale of tears. But it lays hold of you. And as Owen Nares is an ideal "boy" to play a lover—even from a man's point of



"THE CHARM SCHOOL," AT THE COMEDY: MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI AS ELISE CHALLONER, THE HEAD GIRL; AND MR. OWEN NARES AS PETER BEVANS, THE PRINCIPAL.

Photograph by the Stage Photo. Co.

most distinguished translator's, faceted English, and now I have heard it. The threefold impression unified into the same opinion. It is not a remarkable work; its symbolism is *tour de force*, and often irreconcilable with the simple mind of a Belgian "campine"-boy, most unsophisticated

view; as Miss Meggie Albanesi, with her dark eyes, her charming face, her winsome, restrained ways, is exactly the girl that would steal a man's heart and turn his head; as Miss Fairbrother's wooed and wooing spinster is second blooming in *excelsis*—there is no more to be said.



# 17 ROUNDS BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES: HERMAN BEATS WILDE.

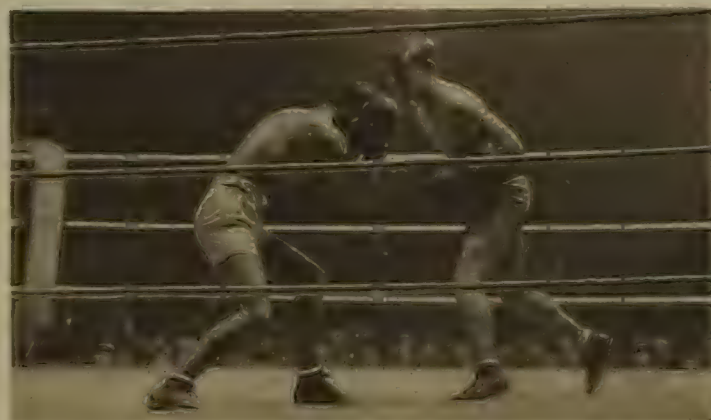
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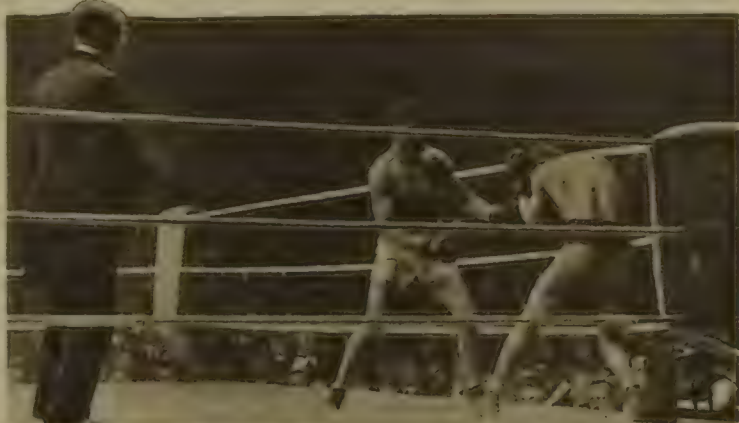
"WE HAVE COME TO SEE A GREAT FIGHT, SO I AM NOT GOING TO MAKE A SPEECH": THE PRINCE OF WALES (WITH CIGAR) AMONG THE SPECTATORS OF THE HERMAN-WILDE BOXING MATCH AT THE ALBERT HALL.



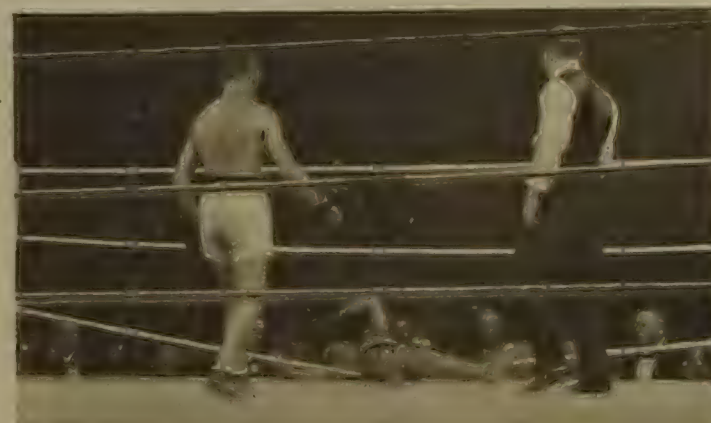
AT CLOSE QUARTERS: JIMMY WILDE (LEFT) AND PETE HERMAN.



THE VICTOR ON THE DEFENSIVE: HERMAN (LEFT) COVERING UP.



THE LOSER ON THE DEFENSIVE: WILDE (RIGHT) COVERING UP.



JUST BEFORE THE REFEREE STOPPED THE FIGHT: WILDE DOWN.

Jimmy Wilde, the popular little Welsh boxer, put up a splendid fight against superior weight when Pete Herman, an American, defeated him at the Albert Hall on January 13. The Prince of Wales was present and received a wonderful ovation. When the cheers died down, he said: "We have come to see a great fight, so I am not going to make a speech. I am sure we wish the men the very best of luck." He then shook hands with them. The fight continued till the seventeenth of the twenty rounds arranged. Wilde then received

a hard fight and fell through the ropes. He rose and was knocked down again, whereupon the referee, Mr. Smith, stopped the contest. When weighed just before it began, Herman was 11 lb. over the regulation bantam-weight (12 st. 6 lb.), so Wilde claims to be still Bantam-Weight Champion of the World. In the afternoon Herman had been within the required limit. Wilde said afterwards that Herman was the cleanest American fighter he had met, and Herman spoke of the sporting welcome he had received from the British public.



## LADIES' NEWS.

THE wedding of Miss Gretta Cameron to Captain Theodore Brinckman, 1st Life Guards, was a pretty one, although the day was dull and wet. The playing of the regimental string band is no novelty in All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, the scene of the wedding, where a service is held at 9.30 a.m. every Sunday for the Household Cavalry at Knightsbridge Barracks, conducted by their own padre. There were trumpeters at the entrance to the church, who blew a fanfare as the bride arrived, and the central passage was lined by warriors who crossed their swords over the bridal procession as it passed out. They were all khaki-clad, and the bridegroom had seen active service with them in the Great War. The bride is a very notable horsewoman—there is no animal of the *genus* horse that she cannot get on terms with; and at out-door games she makes an excellent show. She is fairer than her step-sisters, the Ladies Conyngham, all but one of them Lady "Something-else" now, and has not their piquant type of good looks so much as a more regular type. She made a graceful and charming bride, and her two Cameron men in miniature, as pages, were real handsome little fellows in full Cameron Clan dress. Luckily the guests had only to cross the road to Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. John Gretton's house for the reception—and a very fine house it is.

Princess Alice in the middle of a group of fairies: that was what I saw when I arrived at Devonshire House last week. A very nice fairies' Princess, too; albeit she wore an everyday frock of dark-blue charmeuse and silk and a feathered hat to match, and there was no visible sign of wings. A blinding glare from a battery of cameras was the fairy blaze. It was a pretty party, and, seeing that my ideal children's party, at which all "grown-ups" shall be invisible, does not materialise, I don't see how it could be bettered. Princess Christian, Princess Helena Victoria, the Earl of Athlone, the Earl of Denbigh and others, saw the children's ballet, the cotillon, and the *pas seul* by little Miss Mainwaring from special seats. The rest of us saw glimpses over the shoulders, round the heads, and under the arms of other cumbrous adults as best we might. Viscount Trematon and Lady May Cambridge were not in fancy dress, but enjoyed themselves very much, and are apparently as devoid of frills as their popular parents. About nine hundred guests were present, and the affair scored quite a success.

No one seems to know just what is going to happen to Devonshire House, but there is an idea that this



PREPARED TO FACE THE COLD OF THE EARLY MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

To add to the cosiness of her bottle-green velours cloth suit, she has a cloak attached to it. Her hat, with its coque feathers, carries out the general colour-scheme, which is relieved by raccoon at neck and wrists. The Maison Idare is responsible for the costume.—[Photograph by Blake.]

was really its last social appearance. I missed the great alabaster vase at the bottom of the stairway, and I am told that the painted ceiling of the saloon, in the design of which the Cavendish "serpent nowed proper" frequently appears, is to be removed to another Cavendish mansion. I wonder what will become of the circular marble stairway with its

crystal handrail clasped with engraved silver? I have heard it called the hardest stairway in London to ascend gracefully, and I have seen some of the noblest ladies in the land, including the greatest and the ex-greatest, accomplish the feat with complete success. Mr. William Gillett astonished me very much by telling me that it is taken as true that Mr. Gordon Selfridge has secured the lease of Lansdowne House for five years, and that it is not for use as a private residence, but to be utilised for show-rooms for Mayfair. Mr. Gillett knows, if anyone does, and if Devonshire House is to be a big hotel, why not Lansdowne House as an annexe to a great store? However, changes are always trying, whenever they come about, until time accustoms us to them.

Thousands of people are abroad enjoying winter sports, or southern sunshine, or something different from the very indifferent weather that our meteorological authorities are handing out to us. No one blames them; we would all do it if we could. It makes me think of days gone by when injustices to the Land of Ire were put down to the money made in that distressful country being spent in this opulent one. That is, of course, but a very minute if not vanished part of the injustices complained of now. Still, England is not tearing her hair because her money is being spent abroad; she knows that it must be circulated, and smilingly hopes some of it will return in other ways. An uncle of mine was once held up as a glaring example of an Irish absentee landlord, and he told me that he was actually getting no rents at all, and that how he was spending Irish money was working as a Consul in the South of France to get enough to keep his house in County Clare from falling to pieces. They threatened to shoot him if he ever went back, so he died instead, poor dear man, and the tenants bought up all his ground, and the money went in death duties, and his nephews and nieces have only the most delightful recollections of a wholly lovable man as legacies. Someone suggested, in those days, the taxing of absentees, and someone said the other day that those going abroad for pleasure should be taxed: I imagine one would be about as practical as the other!

What is irritating us all just now is the telephone taxes. It isn't that we don't know everything costs more; we cannot live and not know that! What we do know is that the way adopted to get more revenue from telephones is the wrong one, and that when the deficit comes—as come it will if thousands give up their instruments—we shall have to make it up, in addition to being irritated, overcharged (in some instances), discouraged, and annoyed.—A. E. L.



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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SHORT HOURS AND OUTPUT.

FROM the scientific point of view, the Government seem, on the whole, to have been well advised in putting State-controlled establishments on short time, and in asking private employers to do the same. Although the ostensible reason is the better distribution of employment, on the basic theory that thereby two men will be employed instead of one, it has already been contended that one of its results may be to reduce the volume of production, which everybody—except certain Trade Unions—is agreed should be increased if the financial situation is to be saved. Is this contention well founded? Looking at it broadly, it is not.

This is the more curious because it really was only the war which finally convinced the employers of labour that too long hours are a mistake. For many centuries it has been considered that when you have once got a man into a factory, the best thing you can do with him is to keep him at work there as long as possible. It was drilled into us that the blameless Oriental was able to turn out manufactured goods at a price which seemed to us trivial, because he was willing to work from sunrise to sunset without the prolonged adjournments for food on which the European was inclined to insist. In this respect, the pre-war Germany, in many respects the most powerful rival of the Oriental, ran him to a short head, and ten, eleven, and even twelve-hour shifts were fairly frequent in German factories. Hence, it was argued, Germany was able, without any very painful effort, to turn out the millions of tons of cheap goods which she annually dumped on our shores.

The war, however, put an end to this reasoning. Under the pressure of the necessity for producing munitions at railroad speed, which our criminally unprepared state had forced upon us, it was discovered that more and better (that is to say, more accurate) work could be turned out by employing two or even three shifts of operatives than by keeping

one of them at work during the whole of the working day. Yet it is astonishing that we did not arrive at this result earlier. Nearly everybody must have noticed, from his own experience, that work, whether mental or manual, is more quickly, and on the whole more efficiently, performed when one comes to it fresh

say, "into their stride" before they can work at top speed. The case of successful lawyers who in the heyday of their career "get up" their cases at night by a long spell of work after an exciting and busy day in court, is not really in point, because there is here a thorough change of occupation from talking and arguing to reading and noting, which brings a different group of brain centres into play. It may, therefore, be taken as proved that a man can work quicker during the early part of his shift than during the last.

This is, of course, subject to certain deductions. In purely mechanical work, such as the mere repetition of certain movements with machines, the difference in pace due to fatigue does not begin to show itself for some time. The shifts also had been so carefully arranged that even the weakest found the task easily within his or her strength within the time appointed. Finally, there was present in nearly all the workers the spirit of emulation, and in many that of patriotism, which impressed upon the operative the desirability of doing as much work as possible during the shift, and therefore avoiding the sense of boredom inseparable in other cases from a purely mechanical task.

That with work that is less purely mechanical the advantage of short hours is more thoroughly marked is only what is to be expected: but it is conveniently shown in the late Report of the Industrial Fatigue Research Board on the Silk-weaving Trade. In this, the Report states, the work demands special attention on the part of the operative, and is far less mechanical than in some other textile industries; and the Board found that the output was less during the winter than in the summer and during the hours of artificial lighting than in daylight. This is probably due to psychological reasons rather than to any connected with the eyesight, and reminds one of the canon laid down by Dr. Charles Myers in his excellent book on "Mind and Work"

(just published by the University of London Press), to the effect that to obtain any large increase of output, the co-operation of the workman must be secured. Given this, there is no reason to fear that short time necessarily means less output.

F. L.



BEATEN BY THE ARMY IN ENGLAND IN A TRIAL MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB ON JANUARY 12: THE ARMY IN IRELAND RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.

Photograph by Sport and General.



VICTORS OVER THE ARMY IN IRELAND BY 2 TRIES (6 POINTS) TO 1 TRY (3 POINTS) AT QUEEN'S CLUB: THE ARMY IN ENGLAND TEAM.

Photograph by Sport and General.

from a period of rest than when the nerves are jangled and the attention wearied by a long and monotonous spell. The only instances to the contrary are to be found among a few individuals who, probably owing to a faulty mode of life, require to get, as they



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ROWNTREE'S CHOCOLATES command a ready sale by reason of their purity and the superlative quality and variety of their centres; also on account of the daintiness and attractiveness of their shapes and wrappings.

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A Question which every lover of Chocolate should ask.





# For His Tuck - Box *Murray's*

## Extra Cream CARMELS

A DELICIOUS  
UNWRAPPED  
CAMEL  
Made from  
PURE CANE  
SUGAR and  
RICH CREAM

Of all  
Confectioners.



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Original Makers in Great Britain.



### Face Value!

Have you ever under-  
gone that scrutiny?  
With clean linen, polished  
boots, and a good shave  
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are above reproach.

The quick, plentiful and  
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(Established 1806)

## COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

(Makers of the famous Ribbon Dental Cream.)



## Look at the Germs which give you Sore Throat and let *FORMAMINT* protect you against them

**I**F you could look at your own  
throat through a microscope,  
and see the malignant germ life  
teeming there, the sight would at  
once convince you of the vital  
necessity of throat cleanliness.

You take a great deal of trouble to keep the  
outer tissues of the body clean and wholesome;  
yet dirt on your skin is far less harmful to your  
health than germs inside your mouth and  
throat!

These germs are the sole cause of most in-  
fectious diseases, ranging from common Colds  
and Sore Throats to dangerous ailments like  
Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, etc.

It is true that we frequently inhale the  
germs of such diseases without suffering any  
harm. But, sooner or later, there comes a  
time when the natural defensive forces of the  
body are weakened, and then a mere Sore  
Throat may develop into a serious germ-  
disease.

Writing on this subject in his book, "In-  
fluenza," Dr. Hopkirk says: "In Formamint  
Tablets we possess the best means of pre-  
venting (and curing) infective processes in  
the mouth and throat, which, if neglected, may  
lead to serious complications."

These pleasant-tasting little tablets are dis-  
solved in the mouth like sweets, and set free  
in the saliva a powerful antiseptic which  
thoroughly disinfects the whole mouth and  
throat, destroying every harmful germ which

may be lurking there. So if you suck a few  
Formamint Tablets every morning and even-  
ing, after cleaning your teeth, you will run no  
risk of catching other peoples' diseases even  
when you are in actual contact with an in-  
fectious case.

### Get Genuine Formamint To-day.

Formamint has a most refreshing tonic action  
on the whole mouth cavity, keeps the gums  
firm and healthy, helps to preserve the teeth,  
benefits the voice, and removes any taint  
from the breath, especially after the use of  
tobacco or alcohol.

Buy a bottle of Formamint at your Chemist's—  
price 2/9 per bottle of 50 tablets—but be sure  
you get the genuine original product, bearing  
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## OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

THE French publishers have presented us with a batch of interesting new books as a sort of New Year gift, which is all the more welcome, since there was very little of importance published in the late autumn, owing chiefly to the paper difficulty; which appears to have been, in some measure, overcome for the present.

As to the new books to which I have referred, by far the most interesting, from every point of view, of course, is M. Maurice Barrès' "Chronique de la Grande Guerre," compiled from his own personal diary kept throughout the war. This is no ordinary war diary, such as we have had in too great abundance during the last twelve months, and those who look for petty gossip on piquant "side-lights" will not find them in M. Barrès' book; nor would it be correct to describe it as merely a very full record of the various phases of the great world war. In writing of the events of those fateful years, M. Barrès has set down from day to day his own personal impressions, hopes and fears for the future of his country. He has brought to the task all the clarity of vision, sense of justice, and scrupulous observation of which he is capable, and that is saying a great deal. It is interesting to find such critics as M. Jacques Boulenger writing of M. Barrès' work that it is worthy of Chateaubriand at his best; it is undoubtedly a great and dignified addition to the literature of the war.

"L'Interne" is another interesting book, written with a definite object—that of proving that a woman can remain true to her sex in every respect, even though she chooses to become a medical student. It is a valiant attempt to break down the considerable prejudice which still exists in this country against women entering certain professions, more especially the medical and legal professions. Oddly enough, I believe I am right in saying that both these professions were open to Frenchwomen before their English sisters obtained the same privileges; but it has been and is still difficult for them to practise. The book is written by two women,

one of whom is herself a qualified doctor, and evidently she speaks with authority when she describes the difficulties of the heroine, who emerges from her course of training as charming and as feminine a creature as the day she entered the medical college.

France has lost a great writer by the death of Mme. Daniel Lesueur, whose works are as well known in England as they are in this country. I remember meeting her years ago and hearing her declare with

those women who suddenly found themselves left alone to struggle with the problem of existence. The association known as "Aide aux Femmes des Combattants," which helped so many poor women to tide over the first few months of the war, owed its foundation to her prompt action in August 1914. Later she turned her attention to the *poilu*, and, having a great admiration for English ways, she established recreation huts on the English plan and worked amongst the soldiers of General Humbert's army.



LORD READING CONGRATULATED BY THE BAR ON BECOMING VICEROY OF INDIA: THE SCENE IN THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S COURT.

The Lord Chief Justice's Court was crowded with distinguished Judges and Counsel on January 11, when the Attorney-General (Sir Gordon Hewart), as Leader of the Bar, congratulated the Earl of Reading on his appointment as Viceroy of India. The photograph was taken during the speech. On the Bench (seated, from left to right) are Lord Sterndale (Master of the Rolls), Lord Reading (Lord Chief Justice), and Sir Henry Duke (President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division).—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

pride that she was descended from Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator; she described a pilgrimage that she had made to the birthplace of her Irish ancestor, whose name she adopted as her *nom-de-plume*. Mme. Lesueur was a brilliant and versatile writer, and during a long literary career carried off no fewer than six of the great literature prizes offered by her country. When the war cloud burst in 1914, she set to work immediately to organise help of a practical kind for

tions of the Gold Coast and Ashanti; but some of the sixteen illustrations show also work in Trinidad and Grenada. The final chapter, "The House that Fry Built," records how that famous firm, founded by a young Quaker doctor in 1728, is "the parent of British cocoa and chocolate factories." Cocoa was first introduced into England in 1656, and had become fashionable, under the name of "chocolata," when Joseph Fry began business at a little factory in Wine Street, Bristol.

## PEEPS AT A FAMOUS INDUSTRY.

THERE is more romance in a cup of cocoa or a piece of chocolate than is dreamed of by most consumers of those commodities. Those, however, who read the volume on "Cocoa" by Edith A. Browne, F.R.G.S., in Messrs. A. and C. Black's excellent series, "Peeps at Industries," will have a sense of this romance next time they eat or drink the delicacies in question. For the subject of cocoa—like those of tea, sugar, and rubber, already treated by the same author—takes the student first to picturesque scenes in far lands, and then home again to the mechanical marvels of great factories, as at Bristol and Bournville. Ignorance about such products is very general. Even the explanation that coconuts do not grow on cocoa-trees, and that the real name of the tree that produces the cocoa-bean is the cacao, is probably still desirable. South America, we learn, was the original homeland of the cocoa-tree, and in Mexico "chocolate 'froth' was served in golden goblets at Montezuma's feasts." Cocoa is now grown in many other parts of the tropics. The present book describes in detail a tour of the cocoa planta-

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Dissolves Uric Acid



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RHEUMATISM  
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Depression gives  
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—the cocoa with  
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exquisite flavour  
in the world.

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## Winter Dress at BURBERRYS

**SECURITY** at all points  
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is the outstanding characteristic  
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Designs of Burberry Models are  
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natural ventilation.

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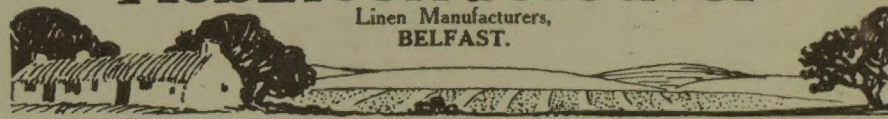
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DISCERNING housewives should not  
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2 x 3 yds. Pair 159/6  
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Plain Linen Pillow Cases.  
Size 20 x 30 in., 55/- doz.  
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Linen Table-cloths.  
Spot or floral design bordered all round.  
Size 2 x 2 yds. Each 51/-  
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Table Napkins (per doz.)  
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by the yard—any length cut.  
45 in. wide 9/3 per yd.  
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**KEEPING YOUR HANDS  
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in spite of all the Rough  
work you now have to do.  
Rub a little well in each time  
you wash them, and they will  
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LA-ROLA will keep away all  
ROUGHNESS, Redness and Chaps  
from your Face and Hands, and  
prevent your complexion being  
spoilt by frost or keen winds.  
Get a bottle to-day. You'll  
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From all Chemists and Stores.  
In bottles 1/6 and 2/6

### Pale Complexions

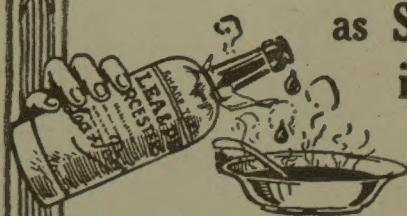
may be greatly improved  
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which gives a perfectly  
natural tint to the cheeks.  
No one can tell it is artificial.  
It gives THE  
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as Salt on the Table or  
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The  
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is wonderful for bracing  
and toning the skin and  
making it *fresh and fair*.  
Excellent wash for the  
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Prices 6/6, 9/6, 12/6, and 24/-.

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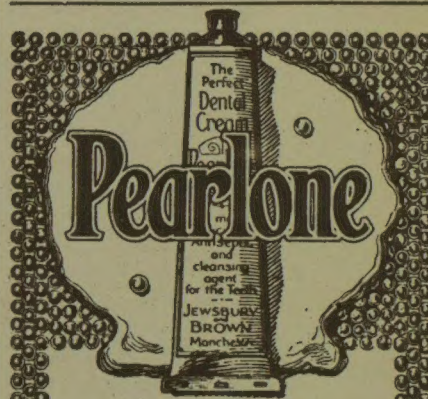


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### The Perfect Dental Cream

in collapsible tubes with flat  
ribbon opening 1/3 per tube.

Tooth decay is prevented and arrested  
in the pleasantest manner by  
Pearlone Tooth Paste. It is pepper-  
mint flavoured, and leaves a most  
agreeable taste. Obtainable of  
all chemists and toilet specialists

Manufactured by  
Jewsbury & Brown, Manchester.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "THE BETROTHAL," AT THE GAIETY.

**M** MAETERLINCK is not in his happiest vein in this sentimental allegory about sex, with its weird science and its even more dubious philosophy. In sequels authors rarely recapture their original inspiration, and this sequel to "The Blue Bird" is no exception to the rule. Tytyl, now sixteen, is set searching for his proper mate with the doctrine that there is but one woman in the world predestined for each man, and that any violation of this law involves not only himself, but his progeny, in infinite trouble. Tytyl, if you please, must consult his ancestors and his unborn children; there is real beauty and tenderness in the latter scene, and M. Maeterlinck should have all credit for that. But if the new Gaiety play has charm and loveliness, this is due less to the author than to Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Charles Ricketts, and M. Laurent Novikoff. They provide in the Fairy Palace Ballroom one of the most enchanting pictures ever seen on the London stage. Equally attractive is the acting of Miss Gladys Cooper as the mysterious bride. The cast includes such well-known players as Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Ivan Berlyn, Mr. William Farren, Mr. Henry Wenman, Mr. Bobbie Andrews (Tytyl), and Miss Stella Campbell; but Miss Cooper's is the chance, and she takes it.

### "DANIEL," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It was difficult on the first night of "Daniel" to think that a young man was the author of this boldly handled thesis-play. With its triangle of sex, its environment of intrigue and lying, its careful preparation, it took us back to the theatre of the 'nineties or 'eighties and the vogue of the problem story. Yet the excitement it produced, the hold it kept on its audience, the obvious intentness with which everybody present waited to see how the playwright would work out his puzzle, proved plainly enough that there were virtues in the drama affected by our fathers. So crisp is the dialogue, so

strong is the author's sense of the theatre, that we accepted tamely M. Verneuil's solution. Mr. Lyn Harding's explosions of marital jealousy, Miss Alexandra Carlisle's tense quietness in the rôle of the wife, Mr. Leslie Faber's discreetness in the lover's scenes of courtship, Mr. Aubrey Smith's dry humour in his portrait of a complaisant elderly doctor, and, above all, Mr. Claude Rains' *tour-de-force* in the act in which the



1 and 2. Bearing a view of the new temple to the Emperor Meiji: Japanese stamps commemorating its consecration. 3. A new South African 1d. stamp, now used for ordinary letters. 4. Bearing a portrait of President Masaryk: a high-value stamp of Czechoslovakia. 5. Likely to prove scarce: a Czechoslovakian provisional stamp, issued at Olmutz, for newspaper postage.

Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

morphinomaniac runs through a veritable gamut of emotion—all revealed English stage-art at its best.

Chocolates are always a welcome gift, whether in winter or summer, and those who have a prejudice in favour of the best of everything always ask for Cadbury Brothers' Bournville chocolates. They are manufactured under clean and healthy conditions, and are delicious examples of what high-class confectionery ought to be.

## THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

**T**o celebrate the consecration of the Meijijingu, the temple built in honour of the memory of the great Meiji, the enlightened Emperor of Japan, two stamps were issued on Nov. 1. They are the 1½ sen, violet (right), and 3 sen, carmine (left), delicately engraved with a view of the new temple amid the trees. These stamps are not intended for general use on foreign letters, but are available for use throughout Japan, and throughout the extra-territorial postal services carried on by Japan in China. They will remain in use until the end of March next.

A recent arrival from South Africa is a brown 1½d. stamp; this denomination has become necessary for use on ordinary letters. The Universal Postal Union meeting at Madrid has decided that the international rate of letter postage shall be doubled, and that will mean 5d. for a letter from this country to a foreign country. The international rates of postage are calculated in French francs on a gold basis.

The increased postage rates, which will be brought into force early in the New Year, will necessitate a large number of new stamp issues. Many of our Colonies have no 5d. denomination in current use, and nearly all countries may have to rearrange the colours of their present stamps.

The high value stamps of Czechoslovakia bear a portrait of the first President of the Republic, Dr. Thomas Masaryk. He is the hero of Czech independence. Born at Hodonin in Moravia, the son of a coachman, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and subsequently became a lecturer in philosophy, and a professor of Prague University. His portrait figures on the 125, 500 and 1000 heller stamps.

The troubles and tribulations of a new country are reflected in the many "provisional" stamps. Some extremely interesting provisional stamps were issued for the prepayment of postage on newspapers in Czechoslovakia during this period, the one I illustrate being issued at Olmutz. Most of these provisional stamps are likely to prove very scarce.

## VIA NEWHAVEN & DIEPPE

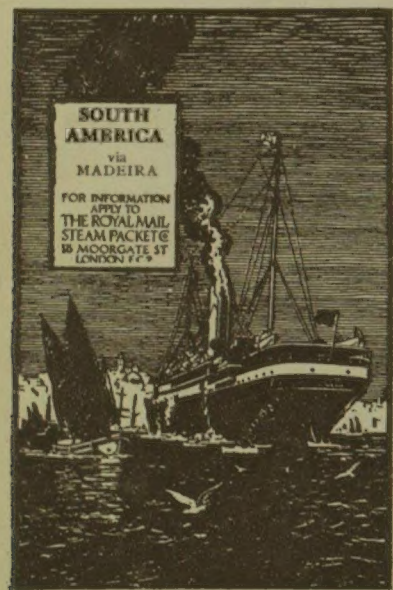
TO  
FRANCE  
THE RIVIERA  
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and ALL PARTS of the CONTINENT.

From VICTORIA (L.B. & S.C.R.)

10.0 daily (Sundays included).

Particulars from Continental Traffic Agent,  
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For Heating & Domestic Installations.

CRANE-BENNETT LTD.,

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The sweetest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles.

**HIMROD'S  
ASTHMA  
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The standard remedy for over 50 years.  
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4s. 3d. a tin

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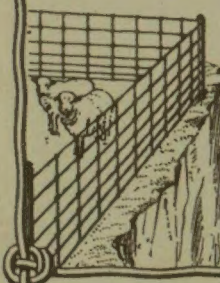
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**AIREDALES**  
TRAINED COMPANIONS,  
HOUSE PROTECTION, etc.  
from 10 Gns. PUPS 7 Gns.  
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30 minutes from City, G.E.R.  
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on your land with "Empire" Fence. Cliff edges, quarries, river banks—all are dangerous to stock, especially when animals get restive.

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has the needed strength and gives sterling service year in and year out. Every strand tested to stand a strain of 22,000 lbs. Keep strongest animal within bounds without injury. Absolutely climate-proof; well galvanised against rusting; lasts indefinitely. Ideally adapted for rough or hilly ground—two men can easily erect a mile a day when posts are set. Free Cat. E.F. No. 31.

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Arms and Pedigrees of English and Foreign Families.

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Seals, Rings, Dies, Book-plates (ex-libris) Engraved.  
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Sketches and Designs for all purposes.

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The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.  
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E. 1

**The Waltz Divine**  
**The "Sweet" Sublime**

Men and maidens waltz and fox-trot—rapturous are the sparkling hours—in harmony with their gaiety is SHARP'S "SUPER-KREEM"—the delectable sweet that, where two are gathered together, is the only possible third—the sweet with the delicate, creamy, melting flavour—the perfect sweet for the perfect hour—pure, wholesome and wonderfully delicious.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in ½, 1 and 1-lb. tins.  
E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., MAIDSTONE.

**SHARP'S  
SUPER-KREEM  
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See that name is on each piece of paper in which Toffee is wrapped.

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GIVE  
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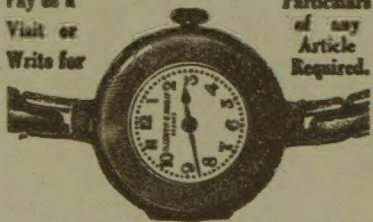
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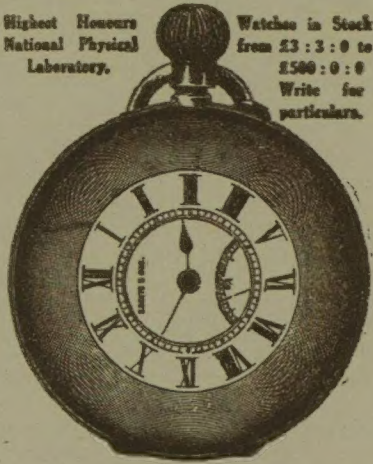


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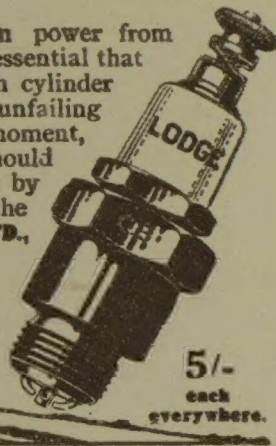
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**(63) What Next ?**

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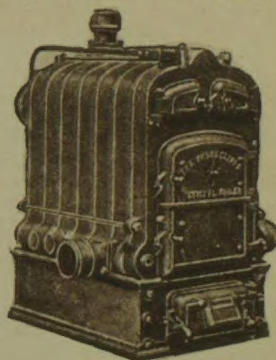
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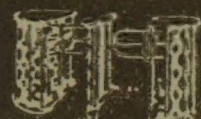
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## A New A.A. Policy.

The Dover election marks a new departure in the policy of the A.A., which sent down representatives

to call meetings of local motorists and to formulate, in conjunction with them, a list of questions to be submitted to the candidates. These questions were excellent in every way, and it is well worth while quoting them in full—first, in order to show that the A.A. and motorists generally seek nothing but manifest justice, and have no desire to prejudice the interests of the general community; and, second, for the purpose of putting on record the real basis of a future fighting policy. The first question propounded was: "Assuming that, in view of the existing calls on the Imperial Exchequer, no contribution is possible at the present moment from the Imperial funds for the cost of road maintenance and improvement, is it in your view equitable to adjust taxation on the various forms of vehicular

## The Fuel Tax.

The second and third questions put to the candidates are so inter-connected that they may be taken together. What they seek to elicit is whether, in the view of the questioned, a flat-rate duty on motor fuel is the most equitable and practical method of obtaining the greater proportion of the contribution from motor traffic towards road expenses, and whether the candidate, if elected, would support legislation for the reinstatement of taxation on fuel as an alternative to the present inequitable system. Again both replied in the affirmative to the double proposition. The case against the horsepower tax and for the fuel tax has been set forth so fully and often that it seems scarcely necessary again to emphasise the desirability of basing taxation on actual road usage. Obviously, the tax on use is right; while that on possession is quite wrong and indefensible except from the point of view of bureaucratic convenience. Everything seems nowadays to be subject to this last; and no matter how unjust, how inconvenient to the taxpayer a particular manner of taxation may be, every other consideration has to be waived when a Government Department insists that to do the thing another way will entail work on its officials.

## Tax All Road Vehicles.

Not the least important part of the A.A. campaign was that bearing upon the obvious inequity of drawing all road taxation from a single class of traffic. A question was drafted as follows: "Apart from the present financial difficulties of the Government, is it your view that the costs of road maintenance and improvement should in principle be found from—(a) The ratepayers and mechanical road traffic; (b) The ratepayers and all classes of road traffic; (c) The ratepayers, the Imperial Exchequer, and mechanical road traffic; or (d) The ratepayers, the Imperial Exchequer, and all classes of road traffic?" The last was the principle favoured by the candidates. Undoubtedly, it embodies the most just basis of contribution to road upkeep. The roads of the country exist for the benefit of the whole community,

and it is right that the community as such should contribute. The locality derives direct benefit from the roads within its area, and should pay a special contribution accordingly. Road traffic, irrespective of class, uses and causes damage, greater or less, to those



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traffic proportionate to the extent of road use and road damage?" Both candidates returned an affirmative answer. It is difficult to see how anybody, save on grounds of pure self-interest, can quarrel with the fundamental proposition laid down in this question. Obviously, there is but one equitable basis of taxation of road vehicles, and that is the one set forth

roads, and should be mulcted in proportion to the use it makes of highways and the ratio of damage it causes. This again seems to be a proposition from which no one can dissent, save from a desire to escape the payment which should rightly fall due from him. All things considered, I think the A.A. is to be congratulated upon its efforts, the more so as I have reason to know that these are only the beginnings of a new policy which ought to produce great results.

W. W.

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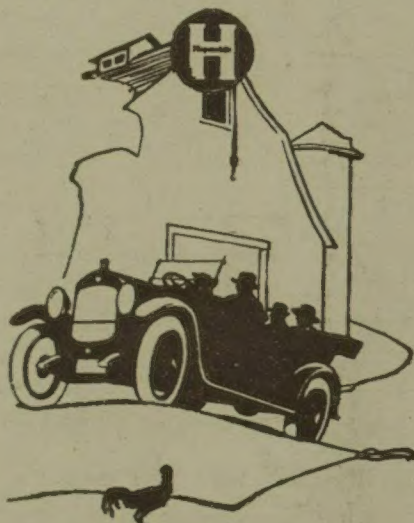
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